



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

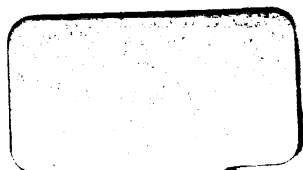
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

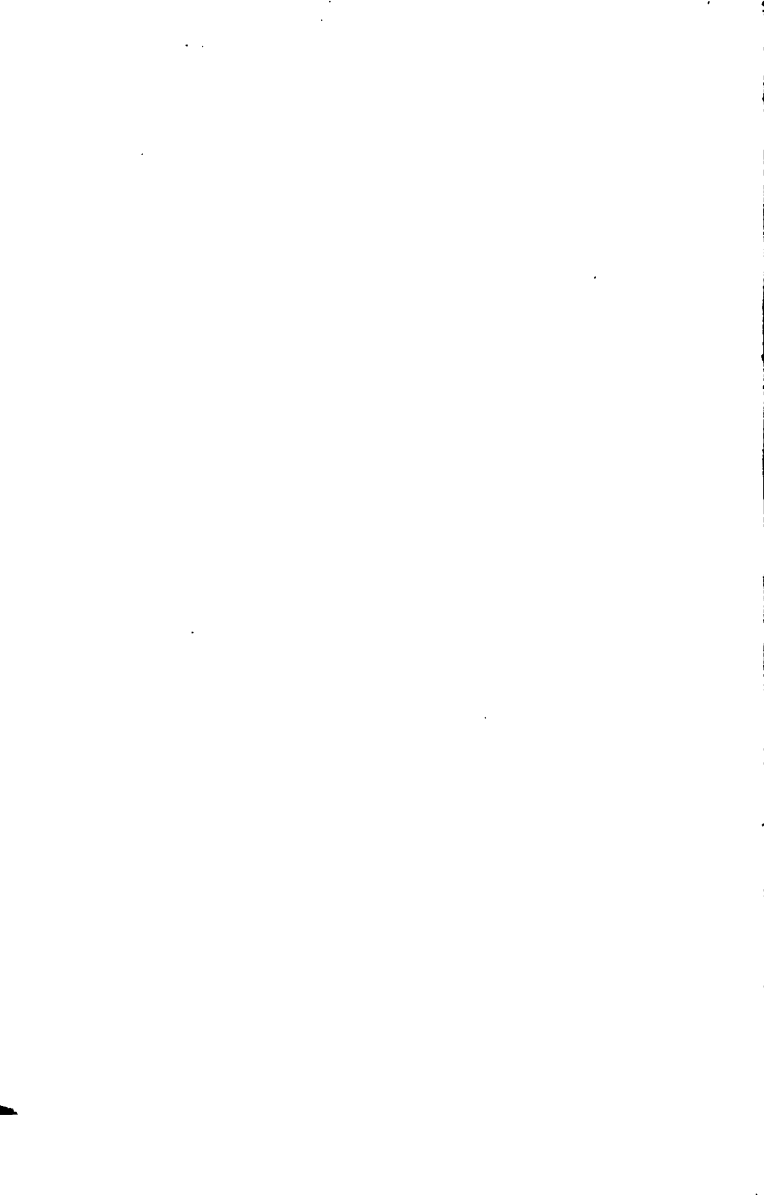
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



NFIS
Denison



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Denison

NAS

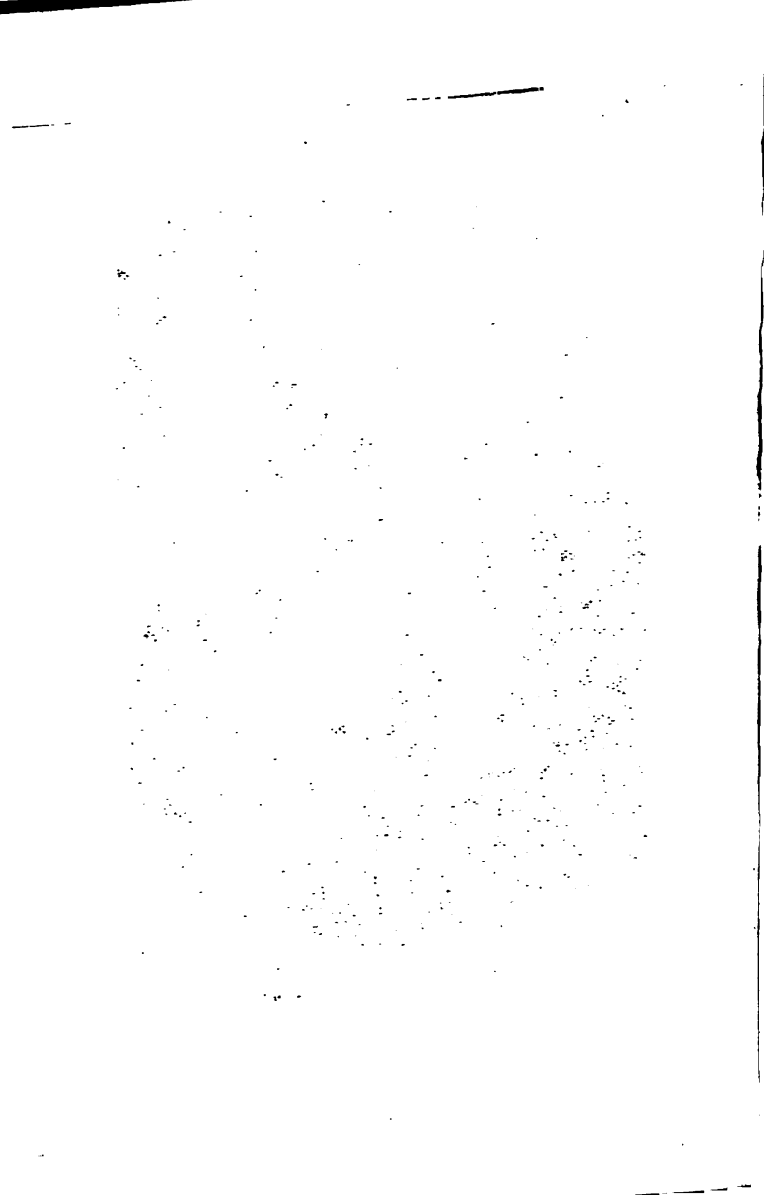


7/25 13

!

1870.

Sm O



Sm 1067
7/25 13

LED TO THE LIGHT.

1513 A Sequel to

OPPOSITE THE JAIL.

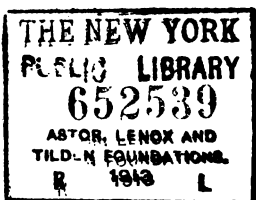
MARY A. DENISON,

AUTHOR OF "CHILD ANGEL," "THE MILL AGENT," "OPPOSITE THE JAIL," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
ALFRED MARTIEN,
No. 1214 CHESTNUT STREET.

1870.

Sm. O



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by

JAMES S. CLAXTON.

In the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY ALFRED MARTIN.

PREFACE.

At the close of a volume written by me some time since, entitled "OPPOSITE THE JAIL," which the public has been kind enough to receive with much favor, I promised to follow the fortunes of Alice and the others connected with her.

In the following pages I have endeavored to make good that promise, with what success I leave the reader to determine.

MARY A. DENISON.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
THE COUSINS.....	7
CHAPTER II.	
ETTA M'WHIRT.....	19
CHAPTER III.	
AT SEA.....	30
CHAPTER IV.	
THE VOYAGE.....	36
CHAPTER V.	
CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.....	41
CHAPTER VI.	
HARRY LOWRIE.....	46
CHAPTER VII.	
DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.....	57
CHAPTER VIII.	
BARBADOES AND SUNRISE.....	69
CHAPTER IX.	
THE NOTABILITIES.....	77
CHAPTER X.	
THE ENGLISH GIRL.....	84
CHAPTER XI.	
THE COFFIN UNDER THE ROOF.....	91
CHAPTER XII.	
AT HOME IN GEORGETOWN.....	109
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE CREOLE MISER.....	120
CHAPTER XIV.	
BEAUCHAMPS.....	123
CHAPTER XV.	
A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.....	160
CHAPTER XVI.	
A SLIGHT MISTAKE.....	163

	CHAPTER XVII.	PAGE
POOR BRITANNIA.....		177
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
SIGNS AND OMENS.....		185
	CHAPTER XIX.	
LETTER FROM LUCY TO MRS. LITTLEJOHN.....		201
	CHAPTER XX.	
THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.....		208
	CHAPTER XXI.	
THE POWER OF RELIGION.....		217
	CHAPTER XXII.	
UP THE ESSEQUIBO.....		237
	CHAPTER XXIII.	
EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM LUCY.....		251
	CHAPTER XXIV.	
PLAGUE SMITTEN.....		258
	CHAPTER XXV.	
THE FEVER DOES ITS WORK.....		272
	CHAPTER XXVI.	
A NEW COMER.....		280
	CHAPTER XXVII.	
SOME CONSOLATION.....		288
	CHAPTER XXVIII.	
ANOTHER VICTIM.....		298
	CHAPTER XXIX.	
OLD AUNT Y HEARS THE NEWS.....		309
	CHAPTER XXX.	
THE SHADOW OF DEATH.....		316
	CHAPTER XXXI.	
THE TORNADO AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.....		325
	CHAPTER XXXII.	
HOME AGAIN.....		335
	CHAPTER XXXIII.	
THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY.....		343
	CHAPTER XXXIV.	
THE RIGHT DECISION.....		346

LED TO THE LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUSINS.

"And oh! the atmosphere of home! how bright
It floats around us when we sit together—
Under a bower of vine, in summer weather,
Or round the hearthstone on a winter's night."



WO young girls were busily setting a tea-table. The white cloth was laid, the cups and saucers of fine china arranged in their places, and a tall, dignified, black woman was at that moment entering by an opposite door with the silver.

The room was large, old-fashioned, and sunny; furnished with elegance, and betokened wealth and taste.

"Why don't Lion come?" cried the younger of the two, impatiently.

"How long the week has seemed!" said Lucy, older by two years than her companion.

"Yes, it always does seem long when Lion goes away—if it is only for a day," returned Carrie. "Aunty, suppose you get tea on, maybe it will bring him."

"You superstitious creature!" cried Lucy.—"Hark! I'm sure somebody's coming! Yes, there they are. Tom's met him—here they come!"

Lionel entered—a little bundle carried carefully under one arm. Kisses and exclamations were over, when the young man laid down his package with something like tenderness. They crowded round it.

"Off, all of you!" cried the elder brother, with a wave of his hand. "Aunty, bring in the tea; presently I'll tell you what it is."

Back fell the crowd; still, however, eyeing the package, tied with red tape, that laid on the table. Lucy, dark-eyed and loving, rapidly placed the chairs; in came aunty—ebon face set in white turban

—bringing the urn and the delicate tea-biscuit. All sat down to the table, mightily amused with the new dignity it had pleased the lovely master of ceremonies to assume.

For Lionel was the head of the household. Father and mother were both gone, and upon him devolved the dignities and the cares of the little family, consisting of a sister, a second cousin, likewise orphaned, and Tom, a young man of eighteen. As for Lionel, he was but twenty-seven—young, indeed, for a responsibility involving so much care, such thought and circumspection.

“Lion’s got an office, I think,” whispered his sister Carrie. Carrie was what most people denominate “a sweet little thing,” childish, pretty, and only fifteen.

“How did you like the Secretary of the Navy?” asked Tom, thinking he had a clue to the secret.

“Didn’t see him,” was the short reply.

“Perhaps, then, you held audience with the Secretary of War?” persisted Tom.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Well, you saw some secretary, I conclude.”

"Yes, I took a fancy to go to Greenleaf's Point to see the old house Grandma Irving used to live in, in Washington's palmiest days, and there I saw—listen children—the ancient black walnut secretary, that went with the house when it was sold, and will stand by it, I expect, till it tumbles down, as it seems likely to do before long."

"Pshaw! you're the blindest fellow when you've a mind to be," cried Tom, pulling at something he called a moustache, nervously. "Keep your great secret to yourself, if you like; nobody wants it, I can tell you."

"Be more respectful, sir, if you please," replied Lionel, gravely, looking over to Tom, as he lifted a cup and held it suspended half-way between his lips and the table. "Know that if you are not, you highly offend a United States Consul." Having said which he pompously sipped his tea.

"O, Lion!" a cry of surprise and delight went up as the girls sprang from their seats, and forthwith Lionel Irving was a lion.

"A Consul! only think of it," and Lucy stood at

arm's length, admiring him, her great dark eyes stretched to their widest dimensions.

"O, Lion! where is it? Take me with you," cried his sister Carrie, capering about his chair, her fair locks dancing, her blue orbs laughing. "Do tell us where it is?"

"Guess," said Lionel, not a little elated at his new importance.

"China," suggested Tom.

"I don't fancy chop-sticks and mice," replied Lionel. "Catch me dining with barbarians."

Lucy, who had unbounded respect for Lionel, guessed Liverpool, at which Tom laughed, and called her a little goose. Timorous Lucy tried to shrink into nothing, but the red spots on her cheeks denied her invisibility.

"I'll be bound it's in the Caribbean Sea," Tom went on; "or in some out-of-the-way-place, too insignificant to be put on the map. You have never done your country any service, that you should be given an important post. Ha! I fancy I see your flag on top of some Indian bungalow."

"Where do bungalows grow," asked Lionel,

gravely. Tom coaxed his whiskers and blushed; he was a miserable scholar, and could hardly have told the capital of Mexico.

"Please tell us, Lion," coaxed little Carrie, and her sweet face and sunny eyes did the business. Lionel could not tease her.

"Well, Sis, I'll tell you," said the tall, heavily whiskered young man. "But remember, it's to be a secret—a great secret. Here, child, your ear," and he whispered loudly for the gratification of the company.

"South America, my dear child, the tropics, you know—in an English colony named Guiana; in a city called Georgetown, on the Demerara River, where there are plenty of alligators, monkeys, and flying fish."

"Yes, and cholera and yellow fever thrown in," growled Tom, in sotto voce.

"Say, Tom, would you like to go with me? just for company, you know."

The young man almost sprang from his seat. To tell the truth, Tom had fallen in with a reckless set of fellows and had seemed for the last

two months to be gliding away from Lionel's influence.

Storming about it did little good. Tom only reminded Lionel that he was not his father, and Lionel felt hurt and offended at his ingratitude. How to save him he did not know. An irreligious man himself, though strict in his morals as any Pharisee, he could not tell what part of Tom's character to assail. If he could but get him away from these deadly influences—keep him with his sisters and himself, till the immature phase had gone by, and reason might be used with better effect, he thought he could save him. Therefore, when this office was proposed to him by a friend, he gladly accepted the position, feeling the need of an object to work for, and to bear him out in his resolutions.

Lionel smiled at his brother's enthusiasm.

"Ah! but the cholera and yellow fever!" he said dolorously, mimicking Tom.

"Well; if you took them I could nurse you," said Tom.

"I'd rather have a woman, say little Cad, or Lucy, here—no, no—you'd get scared and be off."

"But it's a terrible place, isn't it, Lionel," said Carrie. "I don't believe I should like to go."

"Nonsense—it's as good a country as ever was," Lionel responded, as he lifted his papers and untied them. "Come, girls, put up the gas, bring the shade—the green one; that's it: and now, as everything is fixed to my satisfaction, we'll glance over the 'dockermments,' as old-fashioned people call them. Don't they look solemn. Now, I'll tell you what, if Uncle Harry consents, I'm going to take you all out with me—Tom, Lucy, Carrie, and Lilly, here, who hasn't so much as asked me one question, a fine piece of good manners."—(Lilly was a green parrot.)

There was utter silence for a moment, though eyes sparkled, and cheeks grew red.

Then Tom took two steps forward, clenched his hand, and gave vent to a deep masculine "Hurrah!" He could say no more—his joy was entirely too strong for words. He had always had an intense desire to travel, and only waited with great impatience the time when he should be of age. He never felt more affection and reverence for "brother

Lionel" than at that moment. In less than ten minutes he was cleaning his gun in the back garret.

The girls were slower in expressing their opinion. They looked at one another, and then at Lion, as if not quite comprehending.

"Over the sea," cried Carrie; "to be tossed up and down, and lay in one of those queer little berths for ever so long. And we must leave Nattie, and little Molly, and our hunchback, and school—dear, dear. I don't know as I want to, Lion."

Lion thought of the scourge, consumption, that had laid low so many members of his mother's family, and decided as he saw the lustrous eyes and vivid color, that his will was the best.

"Think of the pine apples, Cad, the oranges, whole groves of them and trees full, growing right by one's door! Think of the luscious banannas, the great red pomegranates. Think of the towering trees.

*"Land of the jaguar, parrot, and palm,
Land of the forest, savannah, and plain."*

"Think of the lemon-groves and the cactus flowers."

"And pine-apples really do grow there where

you can see them?" cried Lucy. "I should like to see pine-apples growing."

"So you shall, you dear, ignorant child," said Lionel, who overlooked the fact that Lucy was seventeen, so small and slight she was.

"But dear me, the new dresses we must have!" exclaimed Carrie, her little face taking on a look of vast importance."

"Dresses," said Lionel, smiling behind his paper; "the first thought! Can't you make do what you already have?"

Carrie burst into a sharp, womanish laugh.

"Oh! If you insist upon our going," she said, "you must provide us with every thing we need. My blue silk will *do*, but then I want another for change, and plenty of cool, handsome dresses. And there's Lucy—we *must* get her out of the way of wearing black, as if she was in mourning all the time. She will want, let me see—a new——"

"Stop, Carrie; talk that over among yourselves," said Lionel, with a little impatience; "will a hundred dollars do? Don't bore me, please, about dresses."

"A hundred dollars! only think, Lucy, a hundred dollars! why, yes, plenty, and thank you. We'll have some to give away, too," she whispered aside to her cousin; "won't we make our poor little hunch-back happy? But we can't go shopping alone, you know."

"The shopmen might easily cheat us," laughed Lucy. "I wonder if Mrs. Littlejohn would chaperon us; she is always so kind and willing."

"We might call and see. Aunty," cried Carrie, as the woman came in for the tray, "have you heard the news? We're all going to the West Indics; only think! where you were born."

The woman shook her turban and felt in her pocket for her glasses which she always put on as she was inclined to talk, as others do who intend to read.

"Laws, chile!" she cried, still fumbling, "yer gwine to leave ole aunty in dis yer great house all alone?"

Carrie was sobered in an instant, and ten minutes after she was hanging on Lionel's arm, imploring that old aunty might not be left behind.

"What in the world are you begging me in that manner for, child? didn't I intend to take auntie from the very first, to the land of her birth? Leave old auntie here alone! I'm incapable of such deep ingratitude."

"O, Lion! you are the most delightful man in the whole world!"

"I dare say I am just at present," said Lionel, laughing.

"No, always, and always will be, you dear darling brother, you!"

CHAPTER II.

ETTA M'WHIRT.

"For what is life? At best, a brief delight,
A sun, scarce brightening, ere it sinks to night;
A flower, at morning, fresh, at noon, decays,
A still, swift river, gliding into shade."

"Every human being is born to influence some other human being."



HERS. LITTLEJOHN'S snug sitting-room was not a whit altered. The same vine-pattern in the green carpet, the cactus wall-paper, the bamboo chairs, the flowers in the window—all cool, green, and summer-like, though the thermometer was down among the twenties outside.

It was quite deserted when the two girls, Carrie and Lucy, were ushered in, but presently the old general entered, his long, white hair more like a

shaggy old mane than ever, but in his eyes the bright happy spirit never slept.

"Ah! young ladies, your very humble servant. You have called to see Mrs. Littlejohn, who, as usual, is over there among her cherubs. It is her hour, you see, and nothing ever turns her from that duty. I tried it a few times, but I'm too blunt; it takes a woman with her fine tact and quiet words. Why, my dears, if you'll believe me, there are some of these precious rascals that the very jailers are afraid of, but like wild animals that know their keepers, they actually stand in awe of that little woman, and she can make them talk, aye, and think. But foolish old fellow that I am, I'm always praising my wife, as if her deeds did not do that sufficiently."

"Lionel has got an appointment," said Carrie, when the conversation had opened in another channel.

"What, pray?" queried the captain.

"Consul to Demerara."

"You don't say—bless me! Why, what does the fellow want of a consulate, when he has plenty to

stay at home upon? The roving young dog! And so you'll lose your brother, hey?"

"O, no! *we* are going."

The general snatched off his spectacles, and regarded them with a long stare.

"You are going? I should like to know how any man in his senses could think of the thing? Why, my dears, do you want to be eaten up alive by the—pho-pho! what business is it of mine? Do you regard life as an incumbrance to be—but—but—I'm an old fool—but seriously—to go there for a trip may be a very nice thing, and all that, but to stay—to settle down in swamps of malaria—that's a different matter. However, don't let me frighten you, my dears; no doubt it will be a very nice thing, only I wish, as I suppose that obstinate fellow—that brother of yours—has decided the programme, that you could have gone out with my friend Gildersleeve, who must be by this time on his return voyage."

O! we shall miss seeing Mrs. Gildersleeve!" said Lucy, ruefully.

"Yes, I'm sorry for that," Carrie echoed.

"Never mind, my dears, you will probably see her out there, with Mrs. Littlejohn and myself, if you stay long enough. I promised my wife that pleasure long ago."

"That will be delightful!" said the girls, together.

"You'll take them down in that black and yellow country," laughed the general. "Provided old Neptune don't white-wash them, such another twin pair of rosy cheeks will be hard to match in the West Indies. Your brother must take good care of you; and as to Tom, present him with my compliments, and tell him not to keep shop on board."

"Keep shop on board! why, what can you mean, General Littlejohn?"

"I'll tell you, my dear," said the old general, laughing, "when I was a younger man, I took a voyage with one of my captains, and there were two or three merry young fellows aboard. In the morning I frequently heard one call to the other, asking if he was going to keep shop that day, or if he would come over and tend for him. In the due course of time I found out, though it puzzled

me a long while, it meant nothing more nor less, than meeting to drink with each other, and as they all kept shop, there were a good many glasses drunk between sunrise and sunset. However, I soon broke up the practice, and I shall advise Tom, if I see him, not to keep shop at all. But there comes my wife—I'll leave you and her to negotiate matters, and go read the morning papers."

Mrs. Littlejohn entered, serene and gentle as ever. Like a breath of balmy air, like the perfume of some fragile flower, like the soft touch of the sun upon the pallid cheek of the sick, so was the presence of this lovely almoner of heaven.

"I was going this morning to see our little friend, Etta," she said, as they unfolded their errand; "but I will put the visit aside for this morning. On second thought we'll do the visiting and the shopping in one. I'll just order the carriage; will that answer?"

The girls expressed their thanks. The carriage was brought round, and an hour sufficed for their purchases under Mrs. Littlejohn's management. She dealt with one firm invariably, and knew how to

economise her time, though she rarely attempted what is called "beating down" the prices of the goods. It was understood that she wanted the right article, it was also understood that no unfairness in dealing must be practiced upon her. Even the worldly-wise and the irreligious dealt "on principle" with Mrs. Littlejohn.

Then came the visit to Etta, the hunchback. Now Etta was not one of the interesting class of invalids, surrounded with flowers, kind attentions, and though in the midst of poverty, lighting it with her cheerfulness. Many such there are, doubtless: I have seen them, and most beautifully do they illustrate the brightness of that faith which hangs the sick chamber with tapestry, more glorious than any ever wrought on the wondrous frames of Gobelin; but poor Etta M'Whirt was not of such as these. As homely in features as deformed in body, she presented at once a union of ill-temper and unloveliness. Her mother was a coarse, cross, hard-working woman, not over neat or clean, and though loving her child with a kind of fierce, absorbing affection, she seldom or never spoke a

cheering or pleasant word to her. This, however, was during the first part of their acquaintance. In her uncouth way, poor Etta was getting very affectionate, and Mrs. Littlejohn was able to discover some latent germs of gratitude and even of faith springing up in her path.

Etta lived in a miserable thoroughfare, that Lionel had found out. Driving rapidly one day he ran down a little boy, who, daring to imprudence, had ventured to cross his track when it was too late to check the speed of the horse, so Lionel, intent upon making what reparation laid in his power, visited him till he was restored to health, and a good place procured for him. The poor, deformed, unhealthy girl, his sister, appealed to his sympathies strongly, and he commended her case to his friend, Mrs. Littlejohn. So she had ever since been under the supervision of this kind woman, and Lucy and Carrie were regular visitors.

Dirt and confusion reigned in the small alley, squalor and filth looked out of the doors and windows, misery seemed brooding over the house-tops. Etta was in bed, groaning, her mother in an

out-house near by, washing. The floor was wet with a recent ablution, but as it had been only scrubbed with a soiled broom, it presented none of the charms of fresh cleaning. Etta's low forehead gleamed like a bit of white marble under the tangled masses of her dark hair, but it was furrowed as the brow of age; and her sloe-black eyes had a restless glitter that proclaimed incessant mental unrest. A box of paints lay on the table at the side of the bed, and two or three not bad pictures, which the poor girl had conceived and executed in the midst of her pain. She had some genius for drawing, and Lucy had devoted a few hours through the week to her improvement in that art.

"Not so well to-day, Etta?" asked Mrs. Littlejohn, as she stood by the poor bed, the only really clean and comfortable thing in the room.

"O, ma'am!" groaned the girl, "I've been longing for the touch of yer hand; oh! it's mis'able I am, indeed, to-day," and the haggard cheeks grew wet with fast-falling tears. "If the Lord he'd only put me out o' my misery, I'd be glad."

"Perhaps He sees you are not ready, Etta."

"Yes, and perhaps He don't see that I'm in misery, an' racking pain. O! don't tell me, it's a purpose He does it—for what I don't know—surely it's not wicked I've been—leastwise, not very; won't the young ladies sit down? Ah! an' it angers me like to see such faces, all full with health, an' me, a poor sick body with ne'er a moment of ease."

"We all pity you, Etta," said Mrs. Littlejohn, compassionately.

"Sure, I see that, or it's not in a place the likes of this ye'd come; there's but few comes here, of your sort, and when they do, I hate most of 'em for the airs they put on. Ah! if I was out of the world, sure it would be better for me and all connected."

"But, Etta, Carrie and Lucy have come to bid you good-bye."

The girl looked up wonderingly, as if not comprehending.

"They are going away, across the ocean, to remain for some time."

"And I'll not see them again?"

"Not for a year, maybe, Etta," said Carrie.

"A year! a whole year! Surely I'll be dead by that time—ah! it's another judgment on me—I mourned wid what I had, and now they're going to be taken away. I count them among the best blessings, and how will I do widout them?" The girl commenced to sob piteously, and in the midst of it her mother came in—a red-faced, frowsy creature, with arms bare to the elbow.

"What's bin doin' now?" was her first salutation, "the girl's as cross as the evil one hisself—at the best of times—me patience is entirely worn out wid her."

"O, mother! don't, don't!" sobbed Etta, waving her arms, desperately; "the young ladies is going off, an' I'll niver see 'em again—the only comforts I had, and they're to be taken from me."

"Whist, girl—an' if ye're going away I must say I'll be sorry, too," she said, her voice and manner subdued. "It's the real ladies ye are—I'll say so much for ye—an' patient an' kind. She'll never get nobody like ye."

"But we will write to Mrs. Littlejohn, and she will come and read our letters to you, perhaps,"

said Carrie. "We won't forget you, and if we can send them, you shall have some fruits, pineapples and oranges."

"Thank you—it's very kind," said Etta, with streaming eyes. "It's selfish I am, when I'd ought to be happy for ye. But Mrs. Littlejohn—it's the kind, good friend you've been to us—you won't leave me. I've been cross and ungrateful, but it's often I've thought of what ye said to me in the black hours of the night, though I'd fight it off when the day come."

This was more than Mrs. Littlejohn had dared to hope—one bud of fruit after the snows of a long winter—and it went straight to her heart, like a gleam of warm sunshine. Carrie and Tom left their little presents, and bade her farewell. She clung to Mrs. Littlejohn, who answered the mute language of her eyes.

"I won't forget you, Etta."

CHAPTER III.

AT SEA.

"O! I have thought, and thinking, sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go,
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet—
While, still pursuing, still unblest
I wander on nor dare to rest."



HEIR Uncle Hal, a retired sea-captain—a bluff old sailor—filled the purses of the girls, and gave Tom good advice and a letter to the overseer of one of his plantations in the Barbadoes.

It is needless to attempt a description of the pretty

things thought needful by Carrie and Lucy. Carrie was not to be put off if she was "only fifteen." Her dresses were made with much taste, and she almost blushed to see the huge piles as they lay on the bed preparatory to packing.

Tom's baggage consisted of one large trunk with linen cover, his name painted in gilded letters on the end, one gun-case elegantly embroidered; two fishing-cases; one guitar-case; one violin-bag; three hat-boxes; two toilet-boxes; one large Highland shawl and hunting-jacket—that was all. Lionel had a sort of uniform made, but it was needless, one might have read Consul, United States of America, in his very face, or, if not there, over his state-room door, where Tom flourished every day, blustering in and out, with that peculiar man-of-the-world air which boys of a certain growth affect, and imagine it sets well on them. The young ladies went down frequently to inspect their quarters. Lionel's was in the centre of the cabin; next to that, on one side, Tom's; Carrie and Lucy's on the other.

Aunt was in her element. Such miracles of

clear-starching as her black hands performed. How the skirts rattled and glistened, and the dainty edges of collars seemed as fresh and delicate as if they had just been taken from their Parisian boxes

"Her young ladies was bound to shine," she declared—"she knew what dem Southerner folks was, an' how much they thought of dress, an' sich like."

"Seems so odd," she said, confidentially, to Carrie, "dat I's goin' back to the place where I was borned. Twenty years ago Mar's Harry Irving took me here, and here I's growed, a'most."

"How came you ever to leave the Barbadoes?" asked Carrie.

"Laws, chile, I'll tell ye. Your uncle, an' a fine young man was he, honey, done took sick in the town. I war living then with Mar's Humphrey—very clever people them was, but when the yeller fever broke out, dey was so scared dat dey just cut an' run, an' dere war your uncle ravin' sick. Well, honey, I jes stick to him, and wid the Lord's help, I bring him through, 'deed I did; an' he's aller's grateful to ole aunty for it, I do believe. Den when

he proposed to carry me on to America, I jes takes him up, an' I comes. Well, honey, I warn't noways sorry, for I loved your mother, long 'fore you were born and in dese ole arms she died."

Quick tears stood in the glistening eyes of the negress.

"I can but just remember my mother," said Carrie, softly.

"Ah, but de sweetest lady war she, and a good Christian saint. I do believe she grew an angel 'fore she died. And, oh, honey! how she did pray for you."

"And not for Tom and Lion?"

"'Ah! dear Lord,' she say, 'keep my poor little shorn lamb; don't let her git into de wilderness ob sin,' and all dat. 'Pears like I could see you like a little lost sheep down 'mongst de tangled brushwood, gettin' clar ob de thorns, and puttin' yer blessed feet in de mud an' water. But ye'll git out ob it, Miss Caroline, I always said ye would."

"Get out of what, aunty?" asked Carrie, much amazed.

"Out ob de mire ob sin an' misery," said aunty;

“’cause you’re in it. Everybody dat ain’t got grace, is in it. But your mother’s prayers ’ll be listened to by de Lord, Miss Caroline.”

“Perhaps so,” said Carrie, lightly. “Mrs. Littlejohn knew mother; they were girls together.”

“Ah! an’ dars ’nother creature that’s more like an angel than anybody I knows out of heaven; sure ye ought to learn good of her. Thar now, Miss Car’line, jes see dem ar’ ruffles. Talk about laundries, they can’t git ’em up anything nigh so white as ole aunty can.”

“Get your bonnet, aunty,” cried Lucy, running in—“and you, Carrie, we’re all going down to stay, the carriage has come.”

Aunty uttered a little cry, and settled her turban on more firmly; packed away her last budget of trifles; bustled out to leave several important messages to Kate, the housemaid, who was to get the premises thoroughly prepared for the occupation of a cousin deputed to take care of them till Lionel’s return; tried to shed a few tears, but could not succeed, and soon she was bustling about the cabin of the *Sea Eagle*, putting things to rights.

Carrie was there before her, stowing away upon one of the shelves a beautiful toilet-box, a gift from Mrs. Littlejohn.

"Tell ye what, chile, better put 'em 'way long o' yer other things, under lock an' key," said aunty, shaking her white turban.

"O, no! I shall want to use them every day," said Carrie, innocently.

Aunty burst into a laugh.

"Can't do nothing with 'em, I tells ye, chile; I've been thar, an' I knows. S'pose a storm come, vessel go upside down, smash all your bottles, den dars Jack to pay."

But Carrie thought she knew best, girls of her age are usually wiser than their elders, so she decided that she would follow her own convictions, and accordingly ignored aunty's advice.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOYAGE.

"'Tis but to say farewell; on some lips meaning careless GOOD-BYE; while others make it prayer to bring a blessing down."



HEY had fine times going over the ship, getting in the way of the sailors, who had little sympathy with their curiosity while preparing to get under weigh. Everything was new to them; the sea sparkled in the clear sunlight, the cabin was decked out in its best; the beautiful Brussels carpet had not been removed, and the ship presented a holiday aspect which the turbulent waves might soon change for a gloomier.

Lion's head, every time he entered the cabin, was struck, until he learned to propitiate it by

an humble inclination. There wasn't room to turn round in, his consulship indignantly exclaimed, but Tom declared that it was impossible to arrange matters differently, and good-naturedly he gave in.

Carrie and Lou turned away with quivering lips as they waved their hands to Uncle Hal, standing on the wharf, bade a last farewell to the pleasant home they had left—gave one longing look to the ice-bound shore, the tall steeples, touched with golden fire, bade adieu in imagination to the dear friends they had left behind, and resolutely set their faces southward.

Among the strangers gathered for the first time about the dinner table, were Mr. Barron, a Barbadian merchant; Mr. Townsend, a tall man with a nasal voice; and a young lieutenant, a vivacious officer, by name, Robert Weiss. A merry, rollicking fellow was this young soldier—not utterly reckless, but a mere worldling, living on the foam and bubble of transitory pleasures—always happy, after his fashion—dashing, joking, free-hearted and handed—the soul of honor, where his ideas of principle were concerned; and whose face had a peculiar,

malleable expression, a faculty of changing with every humor, and so rapidly, that one had to watch in order to keep up with its infinite variety. Dark eyes, and a mouth so full of fun and oddity, that it was almost impossible to look at it without smiling, completed the handsome, expressive face. Robert began to throw sly baits out to Tom, which the latter was answering with rapid telegraphic glances, and thus, fishing for acquaintanceship, they became good friends and compared guns.

Three days went quietly by, and the girls boasted that they should make capital sailors after all.

"Why, yes," was the captain's reply, rather quietly delivered, and with a peculiar curl of the lip, pretty good sailors, considering that we've been becalmed ever since Saturday morning, but there's a spanking breeze coming up."

At that moment the ship gave a lurch, then another and another. Carrie laughingly declared that she wasn't going to be so foolish as to get sick at a little shaking like that. Lieutenant Weiss looked over at her, and cried "bravo!" as she sprang up, and ran defiantly across the cabin.

Meanwhile, Lionel had hastened to his cousin, whose eyes were languid.

"Here, aunty, put her in her state-room," he cried, laughing; "she's sleepy."

Poor Lucy! she most devoutly wished she was sleepy.

Carrie followed soon. She was singing in a merry way, though not with her usual hearty grace.

"Mercy, Lou! what smells so queerly?" and she opened the door of a small closet—queerly, indeed! one of the essence bottles had bobbed out of the toilet-box, and was broken in fragments. Aunty's prediction had come true—the powerful and sickening perfume filled the whole place.

"Dear Cad," cried Lou, finding her voice with a desperate will, "do *please* open the window." That set Carrie laughing.

"I should like to see the window!" she cried, "these are what they call 'bull's eyes,' and if I opened this lower one, the waves would wash in."

"O, Carrie! I wish I hadn't come," moaned Lou. "Are you sick?"

Carrie made up a mouth for a reply; her face was unquestionably pale, but she answered with a defiant "No!" and dashed out into the cabin and upon deck, where she stood, or rather rocked, her fair curls streaming in the wind. Aunty came in to comfort Lucy, bringing a whiff of damp air, and a determined visage.

"Dat 'ar chile 'll take her death o' cold outside—she allays *was* de stubbornest of all the chillen. Why, missey, de win' jes' blows a hurricane, and dar she stans wid Lion's coat on her shoulders, her hair all a streamin', looking out on de wild, black, heavin' waves. I tole her to come in an' be sensible but not she. Lion 'courages her, an' dat lieutenant, dar; salt-water air aint bad for her, dey says, and I know 'tis, dis late hour. Now, honey, don't go to looking so pale; lucky you ain't such a wild one as Miss Carrie—bless her!" and Aunty set to work to comfort Lucy, and told her delightful stories of shipwreck and disaster, to which

CHAPTER V.

CARRIE'S RESOLUTION.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When waning winds have died away
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off and leave the mighty sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility."



MEANTIME, circumstances proved that Carrie had taken the wisest course. It was a splendid night, though the wind was high. Over head the glorious stars glittered and sparkled in the dark, deep depths. The dancing billows caught their reflection by thousands, and each tiny point was tipped as with a white spark of fire. There is such beauty in the vast expanse of the heavens, the millions on millions of lights, burning worlds up there; down here, the eyes of angels that seem to smile

on all the works of God's hands; such grandeur in the arch sublime! meeting on every side, as it were, the soft embrace of an endless circle of waters, nowhere an object to call off the mind or distract the attention; everything to bring up to the soul of a thoughtful man, how near he stands to the invisible world; helpless in the frail thing whose few planks only lie between him and eternity. Carrie enjoyed it for a time hugely, though not perhaps reflectively. She loved to feel the great swells of the wind snatching at the overcoat, which Lionel had thrown over her. Her soul drank in, exultantly, the wildness of the scene, and the hours passed by merrily, while Lieutenant Weiss sang and smoked alternately, or allowed himself to slide from side to side of the vessel, at the sea's will, for the amusement of his laughter-loving lookers-on.

Tom had vanished some time before, and was now grimacing sulkily in his berth and wishing himself and the vessel very far apart. Lionel, who was never sea-sick, sat reading a book, composedly, by the cabin-table. Mr. Barron, the Barbadian, and

Mr. Townsend, whom Lieutenant Weiss christened the Parisian Yankee, were vehemently discussing nationalities. A damp, salt breeze swayed through the cabin, and only the steward, going indefatigably from door to door, gave signs of active life.

At a late hour, Carrie came down to her state-room thoroughly subdued. Lucy, gentle as she was, had felt the stirring of a combative spirit against her foster-sister for some time, because she had left her alone. It was, therefore, with a sort of exultation, such as all have experienced who have been to sea when a resistant spirit has fallen finally into the toils of the great sea-despot, that she watched Carrie's pale face, and her feeble efforts at retiring, and saw her firmly launched in the berth above her. Curious, but natural, this longing of misery for companionship.

Presently a voice came piping down.

"I say, Lou, isn't it queer?"

"Isn't what queer?" returned Lucy with an effort.

"Why, everything—being here—out at sea; just think—not a strip of land to be seen, and the waves

running almost mountain high, and the vessel—there it goes up, there it goes down—oh, mercy! how dizzy it makes me! Listen! hear the great swash, and the noises. Did you ever dream of any thing so funny? It's like the rattling going on in a great kitchen. What a clinking! tongs, shovels, coals clattering—I should think four-and-twenty servant-maids were hard at work. Crackle and hiss—kindling fires, now—now they're washing dishes. The pans creak, the water boils and bubbles, souse goes the crockery into the hot steam, with a hiss—oh, dear!"

"Carrie," comes up faintly from below.

"Well—what?"

"Hold your tongue."

"Thank you for nothing; you might as well let me talk, it keeps me from thinking of my miserable condition. Lou, you can't imagine what a ludicrous fellow that lieutenant is!"

"Carrie, do go to sleep."

"I won't." A heavy flap on the floor. Lucy sprang up in a fright.

"It's only me, Lou," and Carrie's eyes were

dressing. "I'm not going to lie up there, cooped away and feeling so stewed. So, you see, I'm just dressing myself, and out I'm going on deck; and there I'll stay all night in the fresh air before I'll be sick."

Lucy watched Carrie's strange notions, half-laughing, half-crying. Six times Carrie chased her shoes, a dozen efforts were ineffectual to fasten them on, on account of her having to catch at the sides, at the berth, at the door, at everything, to preserve her equilibrium. But she was finally attired, and out on deck, the mate scolding her, the captain trying to scold, but secretly pleased at her spirit, and the lieutenant, who had seen her make her exit, following her, encouraging her rebellion by his comical sayings. Suffice it to repeat here for the benefit of sea-goers, that Carrie conquered, and was no more troubled with qualms of sea-sickness.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY LOWRIE.

"Behold the threaden sails
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea
Breasting the lofty surge."

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle-walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspreads all others, and conduct
The world at last—to freedom."



HE next morning Lucy was carried on deck. The sun shone out undimmed by a single cloud; the sky was one blue sapphire arch; the waves sparkled; the sailors sang snatches of old sea-songs; the winds were gentle, and the decks were scrubbed. Everything looked beautifully clean and

clear, and Lou nearly forgot her late despondency. Carrie was already seated on a settee near Lieutenant Weiss, who, with a writing-desk on his knee, was scribbling in what he called his journal. Presently a loose leaf fell out. Carrie sprang for the fluttering sheet, and before she restored it, had caught sight of a group outlined in pencil.

"Ah!" that's poor Harry Lowrie's death-scene," said he, sighing.

"And did you sketch it?"

"Yes, afterwards, from recollection. You notice that it is on the battle-field—the same one, by the way, in which I received my wound."

"Were you really wounded?"

"Indeed, I really was, in almost the first battle that was fought, and that is why I am ordered to a warmer climate. I couldn't gain strength at home, or rather in America, for I am a West-Indian by birth, and I know the soft airs of my native land will restore me."

"But who was this?"

"A good fellow, Miss Carrie, our gallant ensign. He left a beautiful home (rather down-hearted he

was, for he had just lost his wife) and a pretty little blue-eyed child in charge of his mother. His name was Harry Lowrie. He was a lawyer, finely-educated, a good poet and musician, and, altogether, one of the best fellows I ever knew. It was somewhat singular, the manner of his death, shall I tell you?"

"Do," said Carrie, earnestly, her eyes bent on the picture, representing a field of carnage; dead horses, dead bodies, caisson and cannon-wheels, shells spent and broken, and the thin haze of smoke that lies so long over the fatal scene of battle. One man, noble looking in death, lay stretched upon the wet ground, another bent over him, wounded and serious.

"I did not know he was wounded," said the lieutenant, "but I worked my way along, determined to find somebody still alive, for it was awfully lonesome there with the great black pall of death as it were, hanging over one, and only the smell of powder and blood.

"Presently, to my astonishment, I came across Harry. I saw at once he was pretty bad.

"Is that you, Hal?" I asked; "thank God, it's good to see a living face. -

"'Bob,' faltered he, faintly, and I knew by the flutter in his voice that his hours' were nearly numbered.

"Come, come," said I, "you've got more life in you than that;" and I held my canteen to his lips. The draught seemed to revive him; his eyes seemed clearer.

"'Thanks, Bob,' he murmured, 'I should have died of thirst, as it is I'm pretty bad, Bob; it hurts me when I breathe. If the ball went through my lungs, I'm gone.'

"You're not gone yet, at all events," said I, and I told him to keep up his spirits, but Hal was never such a cheerful fellow as I, who can see a bright spot on the darkest surface, generally. He, poor soul! seemed to think I'd done a smart thing to look after him, and began praising me with his spent breath. Hal," said I, "none of that, did you think me such a selfish fellow that I couldn't search out an old comrade while I had the strength? Do you know what my mother

said, with the last kiss she gave me? heaven bless her!

“‘Robert, my son, let me hear that you did your duty, and took good care of your men.’ A good many of them are gone, poor fellows!” said the lieutenant, thoughtfully; “where they won’t need earthly care, but heigho! such are the chances of war!

“Well, Hal was still for some moments, and then he spoke again.

“‘Bob,’ said he, ‘I’m in great pain; do you think it’s death?’

“Death, no, no, my boy,” I made answer; “you’ll live to see the old place again, if you only keep up heart.

“‘I don’t want to die, Bob,’ he whispered. ‘The last thing I said before I was shot, was an oath.’”

“We soldiers do swear without reason, Miss Carrie, there’s no mistake about it, not in downright earnest, you know, but then one acquires the habit—and—and, of course, it’s very bad.

“Well, while there was light left, I attended to his wound, being a bit of a surgeon; then I

crept round till I found a blanket, and wrapped him up as well as I could from the cold. There we sat and talked, I cheerily, he feebly. Cold and dark, and awful came the night. No moon lighted up the horrible place; no star pierced through the deep clouds; a fine rain or mist ensued, and the dead, possibly the dying, surrounded us. Sometimes a piercing groan told where life still lingered; a low moan spoke of fast failing breath. Oh! what thoughts and agonies came with that night!

"Well, it was perhaps twelve, or thereabouts, when all at once, Hal touched my arm feebly. He had been sleeping.

"‘Bob.’ said he, ‘I’ve had a dream.’

"‘Aye, and a good one, I hope,’ I answered.

"‘A blessed dream. I thought I stood before the throne of God; and the Saviour bent above me, and stretched out his hands, and told me that he had seen that I was repentant; that my prayer was answered—my soul was safe.’

"‘Well, that was good,’ responded I.

"‘And then, Bob,’ said he, ‘while I stood there,

so happy, I felt something touch my knee, and looking down, there was my sweet little motherless baby which I left at home. Oh! Bob, such an angel's face! I've longed to see her blue eyes for a twelvemonth;' he went on. '*She's sleeping sweetly to-night, in her little bed in mother's room.*' Mark the words, Miss Carrie," added the lieutenant, in a low voice; "I did, afterwards.

"Don't be down-hearted, Hal," said I.

"'No, I'm very calm now,' said he; 'quite happy. What night is this?'

"Thirteenth of November, Thursday," said I.

"'So it is; I'd forgotten; the pain is almost gone,' and then he talked, as all men do, I suppose, at least all who have had anything of a Christian training, talked about his mother, and the Sabbath-school, and how different it would seem if he had his life to live over again; and says he, 'if *you* should be spared, Bob, and go home, you will see that my little girl—' and here he choked.

"I tried to comfort him, but I assure you I needed comfort myself, for my wound pained me intensely,

and I was so thoroughly broken down, I am ashamed to say, that before I knew it, I fell fast asleep.

"In the morning I was wakened by one of the surgeons. He offered me some wine, but I told him to give it to Hal.

" 'You mean this man here,' said he; 'he's asleep—a sleep that will never be broken.'

"I'd rather lost almost any friend than he, Miss Carrie, and it moves me strangely to think of it. His pale face looked just like that," pointing to the picture; "sweet and happy as a child's.

"I came back; I went to Harry's old home. Miss Carrie, if you'll believe me, the dream was true—no wonder he thought his baby was with him, for on that very same night she had died, so Hal, and wife, and baby are all together now. I hardly know why I should intrude this sad story on you, though. Poor Hal."

Carrie sighed; there were tears in her eyes, she had softly slipped the sketch between the leaves of the lieutenant's journal, when she was startled by an exclamation—"See! a ship—a ship!"

Beautifully she bore down—a vessel with all sail

set. They sprang to their feet, expectation and delight brightening all eyes. So gallantly she came, dipping her huge sides in the cream-crested waves, her sails all glistening, that even Tom, who, pale and haggard, had crawled to the deck, guitar in hand, forgot his temporary illness; and, elated with a new enthusiasm, Carrie burst out singing, "Sweet Home," the whole party joining in the chorus.

Lou hoped it was homeward bound. The captain stationed himself to speak—trumpet in hand—and presently came the welcome shout—

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Hilloa!"

"Where are you from?"

"Boston."

"Where bound?"

"Barbadoes—where are you from?"

"Callao—bound to Boston. What's your passage?"

"Five days from the Capes; three days' calm in horse latitudes. Light winds for several hours past."

"You'll find the Northeast trades very strong," shouted the captain of the other vessel.

"All right!" responded the captain of the *Sea Eagle*, who was anxiously waiting for the trades—those God-sends to mariners—and the vessel stood on her course. The ship's company watched her bounding flight with sensations of mingled delight and regret.

"Lieutenant Weiss has been writing poetry!" cried Carrie—"come here, all of you."

"Lieutenant Weiss lives in Boston. I'm Bob here, if you please," said the young man. Listen now—

"A passing ship—sight not so strange,
Yet sweet her glistening sails to see,
Now white, and large, and meanwhile change
Their——"

"Sublime, but short," he added. "Cut off just there by a lurch that sent my unfortunate ideas to leeward, thus ending my hopes of poetic immortality—a bubble burst—a phantom vanished; alas! for earthly hopes! Some other time it remains for me to perpetuate the fame of the *Mary Vose*, from Callao,

bound for Boston, with her decks wet till within two *hull* days."

"If we had only had letters prepared," said Carrie, ruefully.

"Bewailing a seven days' absence," laughed Lionel; "home-sick so soon, my little sister?"

But Carrie protested that she was not home-sick.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.

“Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast.”



HAT night Carrie sought her berth undeterred by visions of sickly horror. During the night she was awakened by the cries of Lucy.

“I'm frightened to death,” said the latter, when she had sufficiently roused her cousin. “There are dreadful groans near here; what can they be? they will set me crazy.”

Carrie listened a moment.

"It's that poor sick Barbadian gentleman," she said; "somebody ought to attend to him."

"Who is he?"

"Did you notice that broad-shouldered man who came on board the day we did? He had a swarthy complexion, large, dark eyes, and sat very quietly, apparently taking no notice."

"Yes, I remember him, and I thought what a fine specimen of a man he was. But I have not seen him since."

"No, for he is very sick; hear him cough—I must rouse somebody;" and the tender-hearted girl crept to black aunty's door, and called her from a heavy sleep. In a few moments she was back again, saying that he was more comfortable now, that he had wanted water, and the bandages were too tight on his swollen feet.

Alas! we shudder when we enter the room of disease, secluded and sheltered though it be, with nought but the velvet tread of careful nurses to disturb its silence. We weep for the sufferer, though wife and children minister to him in tenderest duties, though luxuries lie within the reach of his

hand, and the beaming smile of love lessens even pain. But think of this poor consumptive, bolstered in one corner of his narrow state-room, tossed by the uneasy motion of the vessel, no one near to wipe off the cold sweat of agony, save when his trembling voice called piteously for aid.

In the morning Carrie crossed over to the state-room of the stranger. It shocked her to notice the change effected in a few short days. He gave her an eager, asking look; his hair was black, crisp, and shorn close upon his temples; his cheeks were hollow to the bone; his eyes so large, and wild, and luminous; his high, square shoulders pressed upward, his hands folded before him, patiently waiting for the end, he hoped, of the voyage; but with him it was soon to be the end of all things. Shocked at the suffering indicated by such signs, Carrie, after exchanging a few words with him, ran up on deck. Lieutenant Weiss stood leaning against the taffrail. He summoned her to his side with a glance.

"Is that your cousin?" he asked, nodding to Lucy.

"We call her so," said Carrie, though she is cousin only by marriage. We have been together almost ever since I can remember. Isn't she lovely?"

The lieutenant laughed and nodded.

"Yes; and doesn't the consul, your brother, Lion, think so very much?"

"Of course he does; isn't she just the same as a sister to him?" turning her glance toward them as she spoke. Lionel sat reading aloud, to divert Lucy, who had not yet recovered from her sea-sickness.

The young girl seemed most spiritually lovely. Her arm rested on a buffalo robe, which Lionel had thrown over her seat and against the side of the vessel; her dark eyes were fastened upon the countenance of the reader; a self-forgetting, absorbed, and wrapt expression in their depths, which even Carrie, half-child as she was, could not mistake. She blushed and laughed, as she met the twinkling orbs of the lieutenant, and turned his attention to a huge formation of the waves, not far off, and parallel with the vessel.

"A whale!" he cried; "Tom, your gun; row if we don't have some fun with that fellow," saying which he disappeared down the gangway, and soon returned with Tom and two guns in good working order. For an hour they peppered the poor whale, who spouted and raged, and must have wondered, if whales ever enjoy that faculty, what ill wind was bringing him such a commotion.

"If this wind holds," cried the captain, "we shall sight Barbadoes day after to-morrow." The captain was busy getting up sails for a new boat which he intended to launch in the Demerara River. As Carrie went down to dinner that day, she was startled to see a white finger beckoning her from the sick man's state-room. She drew tremblingly near him.

"Will you ask the captain to let them take me ashore first?" he queried, in a strangely hollow voice.

"Ashore!" repeated Carrie, in bewilderment.

"Yes," he resumed, in that faint, tremulous voice, "I heard them talking of Barbadoes, I thought,

I heard the captain, with the pilot, corae in the cabin; was it not so? I had rather be buried on shore—much rather.”

Poor Carrie! her eyes filled; she shook her head piteously.

“We are not near Barbadoes, I believe; there is no pilot on board, has been none, and the captain thinks we may not sight land till the day after to-morrow.”

It was touching to see his glance of disappointment, as he leaned wearily back—pitiful to hear him exclaim,

“Then I have been laboring under a delusion,” and his eyes closed with a weary sigh.

On the morning following, Lucy, who rarely went on deck before noon, sat at the door of her state-room. It was a day alternating with sunshine and showers, and though the bright luminary streamed brilliantly through the cabin from all points every half hour, the swift-descending rain drove those who had sought the deck into the cabin, wet and laughing. Lucy was reading, though often checked by the uneasy motion of the vessel, she would let

her book fall listlessly. Lionel came down; at his entrance her eyes brightened.

"It's too bad to leave you so long by yourself, and we having such royal sport up-stairs," he said. "They have been, or rather we have been tossing Cad in the Buffalo robe, selling her to the highest bidder, and in other ways disposing of her."

"I heard you," said Lucy. "Once or twice I feared the noise would disturb the poor man yonder, but he has been unusually quiet. Just before you went up, I sent him a glass of mineral water. The steward told me he said he had not felt so bright for months. Wouldn't it be curious if he should get well?"

Lionel shook his head. Just then the steward was crossing the cabin. He was a negro of almost gigantic proportions, and had been very kind to the Barbadian. He paused for a moment at the door of the state-room where the weary voyager sat, then beckoned gently to the consul. Lionel went forward—looked in—came out again toward Lucy.

"Is he not better?" she asked, anxiously.

"He has been dead fully half an hour," said Lionel, solemnly.

The sudden consciousness that for so long she had been sitting alone with a lifeless corpse, quite overcame the invalid, and Lucy was borne up on deck, nearly fainting. Revived somewhat by the fresh breeze, she soon regained her composure. On deck all was as silent now as it had been noisy before. Every face looked thoughtful, reflecting the near presence of death. The air suddenly became hot and oppressive, the clouds floated lazily in the brilliant sky overhead. A warm mist hung over the horizon. Away far in the Southwest one little cloud caught the captain's quick vision. It was black as ink, with a small luminous ring about it. His eye flashed as he noticed these almost instantaneous changes. He saw the approach of a tropical storm. A moment had scarcely passed when the squall had overtaken the vessel. Blackness spread across the horizon; the hot wind whirled the spray up in showers. The waves became solid walls, and reared their dull crests, it seemed, almost to heaven.

The wind blew furiously, and there were fearful

sounds of creaking masts and straining cordage. Like a living thing the vessel sped on, leaping the huge wet barriers. It was with the greatest difficulty that the passengers made their way to the cabin, gloomy enough before, but now in the storm doubly dismal, like a tomb, ready for the dead.

Lionel was affixing his official seal to the baggage of the poor unfortunate, who, in his loneliness, night after night, had uttered mournful cries for his wife and his children. A sad duty it was. Two sailors had lashed his body to a board, and it laid now on deck, a misshapen mass, upon which the driving rain fell furiously.

"He'll never feel the pelting of the pitiless storm again, poor fellow," said Lionel. "I wish he could have been buried on shore." -Carrie and Lucy were both weeping, and even the lieutenant's mirthful face took on an unwonted shade of seriousness. Tom tried to whistle; the Barbadian merchant hummed a tune, and drank more than was good for him. No one save poor old black aunty seemed to turn to the only source of comfort. She, with spectacles on her nose, read the glorious words of

Christ's consolation, and prayed fervently on her bended knees beside her berth for all "her dear chillen," and for the rest of the ungodly crew.

On the afternoon of the same day, while the sunshine lay broadly over the great, throbbing ocean—for the storm subsided as quickly as it came up—the last solemn duties were performed.

Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and would almost mutiny if a corpse were kept on board over night. It is by many of them considered unlucky to lose a passenger on the voyage, and means misfortune either to themselves or the ship.

It seemed so strange that under that misshapen heap of canvas, moulded to no human lineaments, lay what yesterday thought and talked, suffered, and hoped. The sailors were dressed in their best, and grouped themselves respectfully around the corpse. Carrie, with a sorrowful face, her light curls lifted by the soft breeze, stood on one side of Lionel; Lucy, her brown hair banded back, and eyes veiled by their long lashes, upon his left. All heads were uncovered; every face wore an air of solemnity as Lionel read the beautiful burial service

for the dead. A cloud at that moment veiled the sun; the low prayer, asking for heavenly submission for the absent relatives of "this our brother," was ended. One lifts, a slide, a heavy plank; the blue deep closed again, the dark cloud broke asunder, a white and shining radiance played round its edges; a blaze of sunshine streamed over the ocean-path, lighting far down the way to that fathomless grave.

At the sound of the supper-bell, the little company went quietly below, but before they seated themselves at the table, Lucy and Carrie took one look into the tenantless state-room. It was very silent, very lonely. The dark eyes, blazing with disease no longer met them; the broad, yet attenuated figure leaned no more against the side of the state-room, wearily—the mourning voyager had gone. There hung the travelling-cap; there stood the strong leathern trunks, well strapped and locked and sealed; but all was naked of soul. The ghastly face, the attenuated frame, where were they? Lashed to a board, launched in the wave, somewhere away behind the flying ship, resting on the great tomb-floor of ocean.

After supper the girls moped, but Weiss and the consul soon sent them on deck. The evening came on calm and lovely. As the sun set, it framed gorgeous pictures in the heavens, and almost on the moment of its disappearing, the moon threw a large silver bridge on the tropical waters, over which the stars seemed to leap, dancing. The planets were so large and bright that they, too, had their separate paths of light. Auntie came up on deck bringing an extra shawl or two, and frowned ominously when the lieutenant took the one intended for Carrie.

"Needn't think he's goin' to take car o' her yet," she muttered; "don't like him, any way; dar's too much laugh to him, and he never eats but he drinks, too; don't like that, drinks too much for his good."

"Why, Auntie, what's the matter? what makes you look so blue?" cried Carrie.

"'Spect you don't see straight," said auntie, demurely, "I's always heern tell I was black," at which the lieutenant applauded heartily.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARBADOES AND SUNRISE.

"O : beauteous and rare are the tints that adorn
 The hues of each flower and elegant bird,
 Which on pinions of gold, wakes with music the morn,
 And pours its' wild song over mountains, unheard ;
 Where the serpent and tiger, in caverns are born,
 Their haunts unmolested, by man ne'er disturbed,
 Where the solemn arecas, the pride of the zone,
 Wave their branches o'er lands, which like monarchs they own."



BARBADOES and sunrise, up stairs!
 Hurrah, girls!"

This was the news that startled Lucy and Carrie from a sound slumber. "Barbadoes and sunrise!" It was the consul's voice, and the young ladies were obedient to the summons. They heard the tramp of sailors and passengers overhead ; the sound of merry voices—everything was forgotten in the pleasing excitement of seeing land again.

Next to the delight of treading terra firma, after a long voyage, is the welcome sound, "land ahead!" The pulse quickens, the heart bounds, and one forgets all past discomforts. It is intense pleasure but to behold the changing color of the ocean, a "sea change," indeed, into something new and strange.

As the two girls went up from the cabin, the sun was just dividing dawn from day, with a sword of red light. There was a merry gathering on deck, Lieutenant Bob hung over the rails. Tom was stretched on the settee, with coffee placed on a stool by his side; and both young men seemed to have been on deck all night, judging from their sleepy, exhausted appearance. Mr. Barron was busy with a rifle; Mr. Townsend idly leaning on his folded arms, looking ahead, and aunty and the tall black steward were passing coffee, aunty's face beaming with satisfaction as she expatiated on the long time since she had seen her home, and her expectations that every body had forgotten her.

With a cry of delight, the girls turned their glances to the shore. A balmy breeze blew past

them, laden with the incense of tropical flowers; there on the left lay lovely Barbadoes—England in miniature—its swelling lands in the back-ground, rich with the sugar-cane; its lofty palm-trees nodding to the wind; all deeply, gloriously green, and rising like a “thing of beauty,” out of the blue ocean.

“It comes nearer my idea of an emerald isle studded with gems, than any vision I ever beheld,” said Lucy, in an undertone to Lionel.

“And mine,” he responded, his eye kindling.

“What are those funny spots bobbing about?” cried Carrie.

“Punts and canoes, outriggers and a catamaran or two; the blacks are bringing us fruits.”

Up came the wee boats, the brown backs of the natives glistening in the sun.

“Have oranges? have banan? have pineapple?” yelled the different occupants, each striving to crowd before the other.

“Yes, bring 'em along,” shouted Lieutenant Weiss, taking everything that was handed to him, till small pyramids of Southern fruit stood

about the deck, and he gave a general invitation to the company to help themselves.

"Have shell? nice shell—very hansum!" and a huge black fellow held up a beautiful assortment of shells arranged in two octagons, shining with the sea-lustre, fresh from an ocean bath, and showing all the tints of the rainbow.

"How much?" asked Lieutenant Bob.

"Twentee dollar apiece—very hansum!" returned the native.

"I'll give you twenty for two," said the lieutenant, drawing gold from his purse.

"Made o' money, I guess," muttered aunty.

"How very generous he is," whispered Carrie.

"He can afford to be," said the captain, who overheard her; "he's as rich as a Jew; owns three plantations in Barbadoes, where we are going, besides fabulous amounts in stocks and city lots. He used to go with me every three or four months; what does he know of the value of money; it comes easy enough to him."

"And does he live without work?" asked Lionel, who stood near.

"Bless you, yes; why should he work? He's a free, gay fellow, enjoys his spree, and is the most generous man I ever saw. Lucky too; never takes a cargo without doubling his money, yes, and in some cases twice that—what need has he to work?"

Lionel stole a glance at Carrie who was declining the shells with smiles and blushes; and then he set his lips together. He was thinking that if the lieutenant should prove merely a rich profligate, and if it should really happen that Carrie became interested in him—interested, only see her now! Her fine eyes fastened on his face, and she listening in an eager, intense way, to every word he was saying, childishly as yet.

"I have been a fool," he muttered to himself.

He called Carrie to him, as they were leaving the vessel.

"A little more reserve, my love," he said significantly.

"Reserve! with whom, dear Lion?"

"Every body," he answered, reassured by the genuine girlishness of the look and meaning.

"Oh, I'm too much of a child, am I! well, I suppose I *should* be more womanish, but I can't *feel* very old."

As a proof of this assertion, Lionel, on looking back after they landed, saw her laughing immoderately. They had that moment left the ship's boat that brought them ashore. Stepping aside a little till she came up with him, he asked the reason.

"I was laughing because the first welcome I received was the bray of a donkey," cried Carrie. "Just as I came by, he lifted up his ugly head and brayed at me."

A queer looking procession seemed to have stopped suddenly, lining the street on both sides.

"Are these blacks ranged here in honor of our arrival?" asked Lucy.

"It's in consequence of my buying out a black shop-keeper last year. They get up a sort of jubilee whenever I come," said the lieutenant.

"It's a fact," whispered the captain, aside to Lionel; "he went one day in one of the shops, and beginning with oranges, bought every single

article the man had to sell, amounting in all to the worth of a hundred dollars. By the time he got through, it seemed as if the whole population had come to see. Then to close up his eccentric move he ordered them to be distributed one by one, in every house in the street. You observe the men all touch their hats to him, and the women have eyes for nobody else."

"He is a very strange character," said Lionel.

"Very; and in my opinion a nobler fellow than Weiss never drew breath. Why, sir, on one of my voyages he came down to me, before the day of sailing, and put two hundred dollars in my hand."

"‘There, captain,’ said he, ‘some time to-day you will be boarded by a poor, consumptive fellow, who will ask your lowest price for the voyage; his wife may be with him. He will tell you he is a clergyman, or going to be, and you can just say to him that in consideration of that fact, he is to go for nothing.’”

"But this money?" said I.

"‘Oh, that is their fare, and my affair,’ said he.

"Very well, sir, the man came down, death written on his cheek, and in his eye—a piteous object, you may believe. A little rosebud of a thing came with him; it made my heart ache to see how they were linked together, for spite of his pallor and disease, he was a handsome fellow. It was good to see his eager look of gratitude, her joyous face, when I told him that he was welcome to the passage. And to-day, Mr. Consul, that young man is healthy and wealthy. I never go to Barbadoes, but they send for me—I wouldn't think of making my home anywhere else. For you see I wasn't going to be outdone by Weiss here, so I contrived to invest that two hundred for them, and see what it has done. My dear sir, six months more of that barbarous climate of ours, and it would have been six feet of earth—nothing more for him. That's the way the fellow is doing all the time; has plenty of money, of course, throws some of it away; is a little foolish at times, but there's the making of a splendid man in him."

"Evidently," replied Lionel.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NOTABILITIES.

"The manners, customs, policies of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans,
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me."



SQUARE, barn-like building terminated their journey. The girls laughed at the idea of calling it a hotel, but were glad to, escape the burning glare of the sun. Once within its pleasant interior they had no cause for complaint. The parlors were wide and cool, fronted by latticed balconies; the floor was white and polished. Long, deep windows, without glass, but protected by green awnings, let in the cool sea-breeze, and little tables, on which stood ripe fruits, were placed at intervals

along the rooms, that, opening into one another, were divided off by light pillars. Settees and cane-chairs beside the tables were the only furniture of which these rooms could boast.

Our American travellers drew all attention to themselves. The consul's magnificent form and noble face, his martial step and air *distingue*, evidently made an impression. Carrie's sunny beauty attracted more glances than Lou's sweet, but timid face. Lieutenant Bob strolled from group to group, meeting old acquaintances, exchanging jokes, shaking hands, and seeming perfectly at home.

"The ladies' rooms would soon be ready," so said a smart waiting-maid.

"Meanwhile," exclaimed the lieutenant, "let me entertain you. In a minute here, means in an hour, so I can tell you who the lions are. First, that nice-looking woman fanning herself at the window opposite—"

"Nice!" interposed Carrie, with some vehemence, "she is beautiful. I never saw so beautiful a face!"

"Very well, then, we'll call her beautiful. I only

said nice, in contradistinction to the good looks of her daughter, who is far more beautiful than she. Perhaps she has an eye on Mr. Lionel; she likes officials capitally."

Lucy turned a little pale, and looked another way. Carrie only laughed, as she replied, "It takes more than a pretty face to please Lion. He is the oldest young man you ever knew."

"Indeed! I congratulate you on the possession of a condensed form of philosophy. But really the daughter of this lady is wonderfully lovely. You will have an opportunity to become acquainted with her, for she accompanies us, the captain tells us, to Demerara."

Lucy started a little. Carrie laughed, as she said, "You, then, I suppose, must be one of her admirers."

"Me!" cried Lieutenant Bob, with his most ludicrous expression, "what would my wife say?"

Carrie sprang back—affrighted at the solemn brevity of his speech, the gravity of his manner.

"Why, really, have you a wife?"

"Bless you—you would think so, if you saw my

ten grand-children," returned the lieutenant, with an imperturbable countenance, upon which but twenty-one years sat, and light at that.

"Nonsense! then it's all your fun. I shall know how to take you some time."

"For better, for worse?" asked the other.

Carrie laughed—annoyed, she hardly knew why. "Come," she added, "tell us who are the rest."

"The lady yonder, busy at draughts with a gray-bearded gentlemen, is the widow of an English physician. If you stay here till to-morrow she will be your confidante and fast friend, and tell you all about him, how he fell a victim to his love of science; how old she was when he died; all about her marriage, which was quite romantic; all about her family who didn't like the match. She seems to cherish his memory; carries his miniature about with her, and is—going to be married, I hear."

"Well, go on."

"That sullen-faced man is a missionary. I used to laugh at him, for he is a singular character; but when I saw him once in the height of the plague, going about amongst the poorest and most

abject, some way it took all the laugh out of me. Still I have an unaccountable propensity to tease him, which must, I think, be the result of some grain in my nature opposed to a long face and an expression of melancholy. I don't know why he should look as if the responsibility of the whole world were upon him, or draw off his gloves with that lugubrious expression, or read as if to-morrow he were going to his execution, poor man! or cut an orange as if it were the last earthly deed he ever expected to perform, or sigh so dolorously whenever he looks out on these beautiful palm-trees, and the heavenly sky—by the way, speaking of oranges, I've some prime ones up-stairs. I'll despatch Tom for them."

Tom was leaning on the balcony, but disappeared at the first hint.

"Oh, but you haven't told us half," said Carrie.

"Half about what? oh, you mean about half the company. Do you see that dark, unwieldy gentleman? he is our beautiful girl's papa, who has obtained a handsome office under the British Government; he will give magnificent suppers.

At the further end of the room, that dignified gentleman, cane in hand, is the American consul for Barbadoes. We shall dine with him."

"Why, don't all the inmates dine at a common *table d' hôte*," asked Carrie.

"Oh, no! the English party have their dinners in this room, running to the left; while we Americans dine at the opposite end of the apartment. As strangers of distinction," continued the lieutenant, laughing, "we shall be invited to sit with the English diners. They are slow consumers, and consider two hours a hurried meal."

An expression of astonishment from Tom, who was just then distributing the oranges, directed all eyes to the door, at which Lionel was just entering, a young, smiling, and most beautiful girl on his arm.

"Stolen a march by all that's wonderful!" ejaculated the lieutenant, softly, as Lionel, coming forward, introduced his companion, adding, that they had met the year before in Europe. There was an air of languor about the young lady which did not escape Carrie's glance, but she was ready

to pronounce her the most charming person she had ever met. Her self-possession and grace were not more striking than her extreme loveliness. She inquired concerning the voyage, gave frequent little descriptions of the new sorts of fruit, and smiled and chatted so ingenuously, and with such vivacity, that Carrie voted her irresistible, and fell in love with her on the moment. Lucy's dark eyes grew dim, however, as she noticed how this queenly girl seemed to absorb the attention of Lionel, who talked of all the agreeable and brilliant things he could think of for her especial ear. Lucy felt strangely oppressed; perhaps it was the heat. No, that could not be, for directly through the passage, near which she sat, poured steadily the cool, sweet breeze. Very glad she was when the gaily-dressed maid came in again, to tell them that their room was ready.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

"Is there no constancy in earthly things?
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life, without the heavy load of fortune.
What miseries we are—and to ourselves!
Even then, when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!"



HE apartment into which they were ushered was very large, and the contrast to the snug, prettily-furnished rooms at home, with their frost-like hangings of lace, and soft breadths of carpet, made it seem bare and uncomfortable. The jalousies, however, kept out the sun; the floor, though carpetless, was as white as water and lemon-juice could make it, and the great, nearly square bedstead, that seemed to take up half the room, had a canopy of

coarse, white lace, suspended from a hook in the ceiling. On the table stood a tray, covered with delicious fruit—a little surprise, planned by Lionel. The pine-apple, sour-sop, lemon-apple, guava, banana, lusciously piled together, gave tints and colors that would have set an artist in ecstasy.

The sour-sop was voted vegetable lemon ice-cream; the guava was not so palatable, but the oranges and bananas were perfect fruits.

Carrie talked like a wild, little Gipsy—reminded Lucy that she was sixteen in three days. Lucy, quite unhappy, threw herself on the bed, and pleaded for a little sleep.

“Yes, do sleep. I’m going to look out of the window. Such a curious place as it is! O, Lou! how can you be so indifferent? There’s a long procession going up-street, all dressed in white; I wonder if it’s a funeral?” and for nearly an hour the young girl sat gazing down upon the endless motion in the streets below. It was truly a novel sensation, this being for the first time in a foreign country. Here and there she could see the palm-trees, those pictures in wood and leaf, glistening

green and gold in the sunlight. Groups of laughing and contented negresses marched along the streets, bearing trays, tubs, and boxes on their turbaned heads. They could be distinctly heard even where Carrie sat, and she learned many a little domestic fact, such as,

"How's pickaninny to-day?"

"Laws, mighty spry; got all over he sick."

"Sold all your banans?"

"Guess I has—got a fresh lot. New folks come to-day; mighty nice, I guess."

"Ole man's rheumatiz better?"

"'Deed, no—makes he lazier an' lazier."

Thus it was a constant

"Neighbor, neighbor, how is thee?"

How is neighbor next to thee?"

Oranges, pines, bannanas, mangoes, cake, calicoes, and fancy articles of every description were being constantly transferred to wandering customers under the eyes of the much-amused girl, while the din made by the donkey-carts and negroes, the comical figures that passed and repassed, kept her

curiosity constantly on the *qui vive*. At last, she too grew tired, and crept under the mosquito net. But she could not sleep, she wanted to talk.

"Isn't it nice and cool here?" she asked. Lucy opened her heavy eyes; she had not been asleep.

"Delicious," was her reply.

"Lou, didn't you think that English girl lovely?"

"Very," said Lou, closing her eyes again.

"Where could Lionel have met her?"

"In England—don't you know he said so?"

"Yes, but why did he never speak of her before?"

"How can I tell, pray?"

"Why, Lou! you are cross."

"No—not cross, but very tired," was the reply.

"How much Lion seemed taken with her, did you notice, Lou?"

"Yes, I saw," was the answer. There was a little pause; then Carrie gave vent to some wondering comment as to whether Lion liked her very much, and how strange if she should ever be their sister.

Lucy's heart beat heavily.

"What a lovely dress she had on. Do you think ours will compare favorably?" persisted Carrie.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"I shall wear the blue organdie for dinner."

"Shall you?"

"Why, what has come over you, Lou? You are always silent enough, but now you are positively stupid," cried Carrie, pettishly. "What makes you mope so? Didn't you like it because Lion paid so much attention to that English young lady?"

"Carrie!" Lucy was sitting up in bed, eyes and cheeks ablaze.

"There! I like that," and Carrie laughed heartily. "I knew you weren't cross, Lou, but I wanted to rouse you."

"Why should I be, Carrie—you were unkind—why should I be?" She spoke with spirit, yet as if she could not quite command the words she wanted.

At that moment aunty's knock sounded, and she came in, her face radiant.

"Didn't mean to stay so long, chillen, but thar! who'd a thought they hadn't all forgot the ole woman."

Thar's Sandy Johnson, jes' keeps shop in de same place, hair white as wool, an' a'mos' a hundred; and thar's lots didn't forgit me. You should have a seen the way they looked on to yer ole aunty."

It was well for Lucy that aunty turned the conversation by her opportune arrival. She thrust back the tears that had not dropped, and making a silent resolve, grew strong in will and purpose. She laughed at aunty's apology, tremblingly undid the fastenings of her trunks, but by the time she was dressed, nerves and spirits had become calm. Carrie exclaimed that Lucy never looked so well and so handsome, and placed a drooping crimson bell, snatched from the flowers, in the dark braids of her hair. Then placing another, with a delicate violet touch upon its petals, in her own braids, the two girls, looking more pure and beautiful than either of them knew, entered the principal room of the hotel. Lionel was walking arm in arm with the English beauty. They were a noble pair, and if Lucy's heart swelled for a moment with a strange, unwelcome sensation, she could not but

note how well they were matched, and how each looked made for the other.

Poor little Lucy, motherless almost from her birth, she often found it hard to control her unsubdued will—the passionate heart, and it gave a tender conscience many, many hours of pain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COFFIN UNDER THE ROOF.

"There are truths, which, by perpetual repetition, have subsided into passive truisms, till, in some moment of feeling or experience, they kindle into conviction, start to life and light, and the truism becomes again a vital truth.



DRIVE through beautiful Georgetown in the early morning, before the cane-shadows slant along the fields, or the sun throws its red glare over the crystal-like roads—which, composed of shells, are white and glistening, is one of the pleasantest experiences of a stranger in Georgetown. Every foot of land is under high cultivation; here the polished cane, there fields of Guiana corn, patches of pease and ground-nuts, gardens of bannanas, mango, and orange trees, with

here and there clumps of the tall cocoa-nut, surrounded by hedges of enormous cacti in full bloom. Flowers grew in luxuriant wildness along the wayside; trees drooping with moss and covered with gorgeous crimson blooms, burst upon the sight at every turn, and a species of the banyan shoots its thousand stems into the soil—of itself a forest of foliage and shade.

Every house or little cottage, fronted by lattice-work, stands in its own garden, and from many a loose shutter is thrust the woolly head of the genuine African. Sheets of clear water sparkle here and there—gardens of great beauty rest and refresh the eye.

Thus our travellers found it, as early in the morning they were driving gaily over the beautiful island. Carrie was lavish of her admiration, while the consul enjoyed her happiness, and looked on with quiet appreciation. Lucy's eyes sparkled as of old, and a lovely color suffused her cheeks. They rode through the well-kept grounds leading to the garrison, where each little cottage, standing in its own garden, seemed of itself a small

paradise. The garrison repaid them for their visit.

"How beautiful the tents look, glistening in the sun; and see—a black regiment—do drive on, I want to get a nearer glance."

"One moment," said Lucy, detaining her; "here, in the midst of these trees, is a marble monument. It is covered with dew, and shines as if encrusted with diamond dust. Can you read the inscription?"

Lionel repeated slowly—

"Erected to the memory of one woman and seventeen soldiers, who perished in the last terrible hurricane, in 1831."

"Poor things!" and Carrie looked as if she thought of shedding a tear or two for their fate, but presently catching sight of gay uniforms, she became eager to see the black soldiers, and urged Lionel over the ground. Presently they stood beside the troops, who were leisurely strolling round a given area, and drinking from their canteens, while in one hand a huge slice of rye bread beamed benevolently, disappearing swiftly under

the attack of mouths of more than ordinary capacity.

"If Lieutenant Weiss were here, now, he'd be saying all sorts of funny things," said Carrie. Upon which a voice close to her ear, remarked, "Please shall I begin to be funny."

It was the lieutenant himself on a beautiful little black pony, and he had come so suddenly and silently over the grassy ground that no one had heard him.

"Come!" he exclaimed, noting Carrie's red cheeks and looks of vexation, though she joined in the laugh, "you must hurry back, as the first is invariably the best meal. After that we have an invitation to 'be'old,' as our landlady says, one of the finest views of its kind in the world, if we may trust the assurances of the Barbadians. You ought to see the bumpers they are sending off. I tell you they are lively this morning at the hotel."

Over the glistening white roads the little company were travelling soon after the morning meal. Sometimes they met ebony matrons with little

black urchins intent upon sugar-cane, poised on their shoulders; sometimes saw a cabin that looked picturesque from its contrast to the tall, green stalks, that forest-like, swayed together as the steady trades blew over them.

It happened that the beautiful English girl did not accompany them, and Lucy had her old place beside Lion.

According to an arrangement of the consul, Lieutenant Bob did not ride in their carriage, Lion having noticed several suspicious-looking packages, and wishing to give a word of warning to his little party.

"Tom," he said in an aside to his brother, "I caution you to have nothing to do with wine to-day. I have heard that the Barbadians consider it an act of special and polite hospitality to get their guests jolly, as they call it. Of Lou and Carrie, of course I have no fear, but if you join with them in their conviviality, I shall feel under the necessity of chartering a home-bound vessel for your especial benefit."

He laughed as he spoke, but Tom knew that

it was meant in seriousness. He colored, but had the manliness to confess that he had already made up his mind to abstain; and what was more, had tried to persuade the lieutenant to let it alone.

“Good! give me your hand, my pioneer,” said the consul. A part of this entertainment Lucy shall describe in a letter to her dearest friend, Mrs. Littlejohn.

“A ride of two hours soon brought us to the height, where we entered a large building, situated on the extreme end of a precipitous chasm, formed by some freak of nature, ages ago. Suddenly, as we crossed to the end of this wooden castle, the glorious view of hill, valley, and ocean, burst at once upon our vision, like a scene of enchantment. Beyond, it was ‘little Scotland,’ as the Barbadians call it; her picturesque hills lying in diversified patches of green, sombre and sprightly, while intervening were valleys, and ravines, plantations rich with fruit and cane, white, winding roads, abrupt risings covered with palm and mahogany trees, and afar off—so far

that the roar of its surge is never heard, the snowy crests of the ocean rolled in upon the sand, shining with a splendor glorious beyond my poor ears of description."

"In a walk about the heights, I chanced upon a little negro school. The matron, a polished specimen of intelligent ebony, sat at ease in her chair of state, surrounded by some of the smallest, blackest, funniest little beings I ever saw. In each tiny hand was a book, and every queer little head seemed bent over in earnest contemplation. The daughter of the 'school-marm' sat near the door, reading from the New Testament, and each little black joined the exercise in her turn. It was a strange sight to my Northern eyes. Within hands' reach grew clusters of limes, lemons, and oranges; and rank, rich foliage, screened that lowly hut, as reverently as the ivy covers the tallest palace-sides.

"As I glanced about me, I saw, with surprise, a long, white, pine coffin, resting on the beams, under the roof.

"'That's my father's, missee,' said the woman,

observing my glance of wonder, 'the ole man had it made years ago, all ready, 'case he dies. He's well an' hearty now, thanks to heaven.'

"What a lesson to giddy life, taught by this poor African! Do you know, I thought of you, and how eloquently you would have improved the occasion? Ah! do not think, dear, good friend, that your kind advice is lost upon us two thoughtless girls. I do earnestly hope to see as you see, one of these days, but I confess I am now in the dark.

"In pursuing my walk, I came upon an old gray stone tomb, the iron clamps and facings of which were red with the rusts of years, and reddened also with a few wild crimson flowers of the cactus. It was attained by a few rude steps cut in the stone, and all the space about it was filled with weeds, rocks, and lizards. Who lies under that sealed, iron door, nobody knows. Perhaps once there was a palace-home hereabouts. This spot may have been as beautiful as a garden; titled lady and lordly gentleman may lay slumbering within; or fairly-nurtured, well-born children—but nobody

knows the poor dust to-day. They have passed away completely; a fitting lesson on the fleeting honors of life.

"My dear Mrs. Littlejohn, kindly read this letter to our *protegé*, Etta; there are some parts she may be pleased with. I wait impatiently for news from home and you, and shall probably date my next in Georgetown, Demerara."

The party spent an agreeable time at the cliff, with one exception. Every Barbadian, and all the guests, save the consul and his family, drank to intoxication.

Carrie was startled by a question of Mr. Barron.

"Will you make the punch, Miss Irving?"

Her cheek reddened. Naturally quick-tempered, the flash in her eyes was ominous, but she merely said,

"I do not know how, Mr. Barron."

"Not know how to make punch!" cried the West Indian, astonished; "we consider it one of the accomplishments of our ladies, here, Miss Carrie."

"Well, we don't," rejoined the young lady, with increasing warmth, "and we don't consider it an

accomplishment to get tipsy, either," she added, bluntly.

"Ah! Miss Carrie, permit me—you will do me the honor," and Mr. Townsend languidly lifted his glass toward her.

"No, I thank you. I told you before, Mr. Townsend, that I never taste such stuff."

"Stuff! hear—hear—she calls this nectar, this divine ambrosia—this drink for the—"

Carrie turned contemptuously away, her good genius was melting into thin air, as the genii of old. Lionel saw the flash of her eye, and smiled quietly to himself.

"But my dear Miss Irving," persisted the now half-witted man, "it really now is not—is—not quite *au fait*, to refuse a—a gentleman so polite a request—"

"Stop that annoyance, please," whispered Lucy to Lionel; "Carrie is thoroughly out of temper, and I don't wonder."

"She can take care of herself; let her give him a lesson," Lionel replied.

Again the proffer was made.

"I am afraid I shall be rude," Mr. Townsend, "if you continue to urge me," said Carrie, in a low voice.

"Oh! but Miss Carrie, can you look upon the sparkle of this delicious mixture—seven different—"

He could say no more. The delicious mixture was in his whiskers, his eyes, his hair, dripping down his embroidered shirt-bosom, running over his boots, trickling along the floor; while the costly goblet was shattered into fragments.

Carrie had borne his insolence as long as she could, and annoyed insufferably, had taken this summary way of deciding the matter. Now, as she turned round with blazing eyes and cheeks, looking like an offended queen, a roar went up from the whole party at the man's drenched condition. He skulked off, trying to regard the matter as a good joke, while the Barbadian gentlemen discussed the vivacity and politeness of American ladies.

But the sun was getting low, and as there is little or none of that soft hour between the day

and the darkness, the beautiful season of twilight, in the land of the tropics, the party began making preparations to go.

“Not till I have stolen one more look at this glorious prospect,” said Lou, and standing there, she tried to take in the wide extent of the scene—near, the golden-green palms, the gorgeous flowers, the thick, glossy, wide-leaved under-growth, a jungle in miniature, clumps of orange trees, with their yellow-white globes shining between clusters of emerald branches; the heavy growth of mangoes, their delicious fruit ripening in the sun—afar off, down—down—hundreds of feet; the precipitous steep, broken into irregular but not ungraceful terraces; the roll and glitter of the restless water of that clear sea-green, upon which the foam crests itself like coronets of pearls; the sun sending argosies richly freighted with golden flame, and draped with such colors of crimson lake, and ultra marine, flecked with spots of fire vivid as diamonds, along the great expanse of that inland ocean, Here and there a tiny craft brightened the vision with it's sail like a sheet of snow, now

and then a speck flew by—a boat manned with some crew of the East Indiaman in the harbor.

The rocks intervening, rich brown and purple, heather-covered, some cyclopean, rimmed with white, like frost; some in picturesque groupings of granite slabs, covered with sharp, serrated lines, and some like the fairest marble or porphyry, all these beauties of the cliff and the valley, the mountain-ledge, and the wide-rolling sea, Lucy took in with a poet's comprehension. Carrie stood by her side, quite silent, breathless, and soothed inexpressibly by the scene.

"These are thy works, Almighty Ruler, thine," said a low voice beside her.

"O! don't," cried Carrie, her voice full of pain and grief, don't quote such words—now—"

Lieutenant Weiss moved uneasily. His cheek was flushed, his eye bright, his speech unsteady.

"Will you ride home with me?" he ventured to ask.

"No, sir!" said the little lady with spirit.

"Pray, have I offended you?"

"Yes, indeed, you have. I do not choose to be

friendly with young men who drink punch till their eyes are red."

"I humbly beg your pardon," said the lieutenant, with quick irony, yet shame was in every gesture, as he turned and sauntered away.

"It has been a miserable day," said Carrie, as they sat together on their return; "I am heartily glad it is over, Lionel; let us accept no more invitations."

"I was sorry to see Lieutenant Weiss in such a condition," returned the consul. "He is a young man of excellent talents, and large-hearted to a fault. What a pity some good providence would not deprive him of his fortune."

"Oh, Lion!" cried Carrie, deprecatingly.

"Yes, the best thing that could happen to him would be to be thrown on the world penniless, then we should see what metal he is made of—then he would be of some service to society. But never mind talking about him now, 'tis a waste of breath. To-morrow we start for Demerara; get all packed up to-night, girls, by twelve at noon we shall be under way."

"And is that young English girl going?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, poor thing!" Lionel responded.

"What makes you say 'poor thing'?"

"Did you notice that fatal crimson in her cheeks? It is the dreadful sign of consumption, and this, the physician says, is her last chance for life."

"Why, Lionel, how little can be judged by appearances! Why didn't you tell us before?" asked Carrie.

"I did not know it was so bad, though I was aware when I met her in England, that she had postponed her marriage with a noble young fellow, on account of some indications of hereditary disease. Now, it seems, she has given up all hope of recovery, though her parents still think she will get well. Poor Reynolds! I pity him, they have been engaged for years, and are very much attached to each other."

There was a suppressed sob somewhere, but as they sat on the verandah, with no light but the moon, Lucy's tear-wet face was hidden. It was

noticed though, and came near being commented upon by the thoughtless Carrie, when they returned to the house, that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes heavy; but she found a friendly shadow and sat in its protection, while the consul told stories, and appeared not to notice that his little companion had been in trouble.

"Think of it, Lou, it makes me shiver," said Carrie, as they retired; "that beautiful girl so near death, and yet so brilliant, so happy! Lion says she is very religious, but oh! dear, I should think *that* would only make her more gloomy."

"Thar's whar you're out, chile; thar's whar folks is allers out," spoke up old aunty, from the gloom of the corner, where she had thrown a mat, so as to take care of her young ladies, late and early. "Tell you, dar's nothing gloomy in religion, hopes you'll find it out some of these yer times. Wish you knew now what a blessed thing it is, how de Lord can lay his soft hand on yer head, an' no matter what yer cares an' trials has been, dar'll seem 's if a wreath of roses, 'thout any thorns had jes' sprung up round yer temples. Wish you knew

how it jes' seems like de bright sun shining in de darkest day ob 'fiction, an' the light ob *His* countenance makes a glory in de heart. Lord's close by ef you love him, chillen, an' yer soul's a great treasure-house where thar's dimons, and all sorts of precious things, and de Word ob de Lord's sweeter than honey. I'se tasted, an' I knows—bress His name. All you what don't come to him is behind prison-bars, honey, a looking out, and seein', now then, a bit ob blue sky, or a leetle bird singing up thar, or the blessed flowers growin' 'way off whar you can't git at 'em, or great, beautiful palaces, wid walls as white as milk, and shining windows, an' angels inside an' out, and you cooped up 'hind de bars. Lord help you to come out o' that thar, into de glorious sunlight, whar all de birds, an' de flowers, an' de gardens, an' de palaces, an' de great sky itself belongs to you 'cause you's God's chillens, honey."

Lucy listened with reverence, while Carrie fluttered off with a little laugh, as she said,

"Aunty, why don't you set up for a preacher. You don't know what fine things you say."

"Taint mine, chile, it's de Lord's," said aunty, sententiously, and disposed herself to sleep.

Lou grieved silently. She felt that aunty was right, and she all wrong. What wicked feelings she had indulged toward that sweet, doomed young English girl; feelings of dislike, distrust, and jealousy. These were her evil demons, her dark moods that were called into action by causes so slight, that sometimes she felt that there was nothing good in her nature, and she had not yet learned how to fight, and struggle, and pray against them. So she went to sleep with a sigh on her lips, and some flitting resolves to do better for the future.

CHAPTER XII.

AT HOME IN GEORGETOWN.

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven, by all the world beside;
His *home* the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."



GAIN on board ship; again in the old state-room, bearing with what equanimity they could the uneasy motion of the vessel. Lucy was herself again, and was only troubled for the first hour or two with sea-sickness. Carrie danced in her old childish way, about the deck, and the lieutenant, again in favor, was trying his best to make himself agreeable to her. He felt, keenly, that he had come very near losing her respect.

The state-room in which the ill-fated West Indian

had died, was chosen by the English girl. After an unquiet passage of two days, they came again in sight of land.

"Oh, what a flat place!" cried Carrie, looking over the circle of shore that bounded the harbor. "Nothing but palm trees here and there like tall masts with bulbs at the top."

"One might mistake the water here for weak porter," said the lieutenant.

"Capital place for *you* to bathe in," said Carrie, significantly. The young man turned away, and Carrie and Lucy watched the green land slowly uplifting itself from the world of waters, and beginning to assume the appearance of a civilized country. Our little party were all animation, waiting to go ashore. Crowds of people on the wharf looked out curiously for the new consul, and the English family were anxiously speculating whether their house had been made ready for them, they having sent agents and servants before.

There was a general invitation all around before they parted; breakfasts, dinners, luncheons,

were provided for, and the boats were soon alongside.

"Don't fall overboard, young ladies," said the captain, "if you do, the most expert diver can never bring you up again."

"Are there sharks here?" asked Tom.

"In great numbers," was the reply, "but the undercurrent is more to be dreaded than sharks. I was once lying at the stelling, or wharf, here in Georgetown, and as I often received company, there came one day a native of the colony, with two little daughters. Pretty children they were. I was very fond of them, for I knew them well. The plank, unfortunately, had been half drawn by the sailors, and the little things sprang on it in great glee before any one could warn them. One jumped on the deck, the other was larger, clumsier, and fell into the water with a shriek that I can never forget. From that moment, she was seen no more; so great was the strength of the undercurrent that she was carried out of sight, while every exertion was being made for her recovery."

And here it may not be amiss to quote a few extracts from

THE CONSUL'S LETTER TO GENERAL LITTLEJOHN.

"I was certainly never more surprised than when beholding the handsome public buildings, the substantial dwelling houses, and fine English appearance of the citizens of Georgetown, while along the shore gleam out the luxuriant growth of tropical fruit trees and sugar plantations.

"I was told that I should not find a house fit to live in, that I should see nothing but mud and mosquitoes; that I should have to be dragged in a pool to find my front-door, and visit my neighbors in a drogher; that I should never get a mouthful of decent water (caution *sotto voce*—take along a pint of brandy); that I should never see the color of milk, nor taste butter; that I should melt in a January sun, and sixthly, seventhly, and finally, I had better make up my mind to stay at home.

"I find my informant slightly ignorant, however. You never saw prettier habitations than this same much libelled city can boast; each surrounded by

a beautiful garden, rich with lime, orange, cocoa, and, perhaps, pomegranate trees. English roses bloom in profusion; the scarlet hibiscus, and the most gorgeous of tropical flowers environ our hedges on every side. The houses are large, handsome, and cool. All are ornamented, and at the same time shaded with jalousies at every window; latticed galleries sometimes completely surround the house, giving one a fine range for exercise, however wet the day may be; these are covered with rich vines and star-like flowers. The road-like streets are very wide, that on which we live is one hundred and twenty feet in width, and as I write I behold on every side the branching, nodding plumes of the palm, and the luxuriant, delicate foliage of the mahogany tree. Everywhere flit birds of gaudy plumage, paraquets sit in pairs among the branches, and the pretty 'whisk o'dee,' who calls his own name from morning till night, ventures often near, and even in the house. Beautiful birds at this moment cheer me with their song.

"I might speak here of the ornithology of these

colonies, and I am sure that an ambitious naturalist would find all toil and danger amply compensated for by the variety and beauty of these sweet, feathered inhabitants. In the marshes and creeks sport the blood-red flamingoes, the scarlet curlew, the plover-crane, and there is a prodigious variety of water-fowl on the sea-shore. Tom is trying his luck already at gunning.

“Carrie had a trumpeter and a fewrie given her the other day; the latter is a famous bird. Its breast is covered with rich blue and purple, whose glossy surface seems to change with every motion; the head and neck are soft and beautiful, like black velvet—the wings are large, of a bright silvery gray. The fewrie is a handsome fellow; the feathers of his neck are very beautiful, and rise like a coronal from the back to the beak, when he is pleased. And now, to come down to mud and mosquitoes. Tell Mrs. Littlejohn that I have as yet met with neither, though I hear the latter are rather plentiful at certain seasons—as everywhere. But they are few and not famous. All I can say is, that if they are as lenient to all new

comers as they have been to us, they are clever fellows."

FROM CARRIE'S LETTER.

"O! M—— such a splendid place!!

"Well, you must know we landed in great state. I had on that white crape hat you admired so much, and Lucy her pink one. The wharf, they call it stelling here, was crowded. How the people did stare! it was fun I assure you. Wonder what they thought of the new importation from Yankee land? And that provoking Mr. Weiss—I mean Lieutenant Weiss—I *must* tell you about him. He's the queerest, most comical creature you ever saw, and, as we landed, made us laugh with his witty sayings, till I was almost ashamed.

"We're in a hotel now, that is, its more like a hotel than the one in Barbadoes, for there is a carpet on the floor, and real stuffed chairs. You would stare, I think, to see our hostess, a great portly mulatto, whom they call Miss Eloise. She is very large, but quite handsome, and good-natured. She laughs all the time, shows her white teeth, and pays us a great deal of attention.

"We've not decided where to live yet. It is a novel sensation to put your hand out of the window and pull an orange or lemon from the tree; to be sure they're not quite ripe yet. Somebody sent us a tray full of fruit, among which were mangoes, which we could hardly eat for laughing, for every time we put one to our lips, Lieutenant Weiss would start as if quite horror-struck, and cry out, there the *man* goes; and oh dear, he makes such fun for us all the time!

"What do you think? Last night we wanted to hear the band, but it didn't play. So says the lieutenant,

"'I'll get you a band,' and off he went. Presently we heard the most delightful music that seemed quite near us, and away we hurried into the parlor. There, truly, was the band, a large and exquisite music-box, the largest I ever saw.

"'There!' said he, 'I only gave a hundred dollars; cheap as dirt, wasn't it?'

"Lion says he is extravagant; perhaps he is, but then he spends with such a grace, and has plenty and plenty of money. He says that ready-

made custards grow here, and lemonade. I do not like the custard-apple, but the lemon-apple is delicious.

“There’s a great East Indiaman in the harbor, and there are sights of officers here, all English, of course. We see very little of them, however, as we have our own private table. Tom is growing quite grave, steady, and oldish, and is bent upon studying French. He’s to be Lion’s secretary. Lucy grows handsomer, and we’re all so happy!

“Yesterday we had callers; English, of course. And by the way, my dear, we have a live lord among us. He’s a bit of a man—Lieutenant Bob calls him a manikin—and is affected in his ways, using a great many ‘beg your pardons,’ and answering everything and every body with an invariable ‘yes’ or ‘no;’—for instance,

“‘You have never been here before?’ says his lordship.

“‘I never have,’ is the reply.

“‘No?’ with an expression of great sagacity.

“‘And you are Englishwomen?’

“‘Oh, no! American.’

“‘Yes? really it must strike you very oddly, then.’

(“‘It hasn’t struck us at all,’ muttered the lieutenant, in an undertone.)

“‘It is quite new and strange to us,’ Lucy says, for she, being two years my elder does the dignities.

“‘Yes?’

“Odd, isn’t it? To-morrow Lion hunts up a house, and we begin life in the Tropics, in good earnest.

“The few ladies I have seen here look sallow. We meet them driving out, and they appear languidly indifferent to everything. It is, I suppose, the effect of the climate. Children are sent from here at five and six, and do not return till sixteen or eighteen, often in all that time remaining without once beholding either of their parents. They tell us we shall lose our roses soon, but Lionel declares we shall not, if exercise will prevent it. He is going to buy us donkies or ponies for very early morning rides.

"But I must close, as the lieutenant or 'merry thought,' as we are all getting to call him, says we must come out and see the monkey he is training. I only hope that our piano, which you know we took with us, is safe and not injured by the voyage. Good-bye, dear, and if we stay a great many years you shall come out and visit us. Do not forget in your next to send me word from our dearest friends, the Littlejohns, and from our poor protege.

"CARRIE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CREOLE MISER.

"For Age's avarice I cannot see
What color, ground, or reason there can be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice, some tittle youth may own
To reap in autumn what a spring has sown,
And, with the providence of bees or ants
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants;
But Age scarce sows, ere death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap."



HE very important matter of finding a house having been attended to with gratifying results, the whole party took a carriage and drove thither. They found a pleasant dwelling set back in a garden luxuriant with lemon-trees, the proud palms, guava, sour-sop, pomegranate, cocoa-nut trees, and bushes full of English roses. The cactus

grew everywhere. At the gate stood a clumsy cart, and half-way up the path eight or ten coolies were bearing the piano, with much straining and grumbling. They were such slender creatures, Carrie declared it was a shame to burden them, particularly when they glanced up at you with their large, languid eyes set in such effeminate faces.

The lieutenant appeared at the door, radiant—a huge bannana in one hand, with the other waving an enormous cotton handkerchief that would have passed easily for a flag. Tom stood behind, laughing, and the black face of aunty brought up the rear.

They voted the front-room perfect. It was large and cool, the floor covered with white matting, and the chairs and lounges with flowered chintz. Next that was a dining-room of lilliputian dimensions, but still large enough to seat four persons comfortably about a small table. The room intended for the consulate department was larger than either, and devoted to a long table, a glass case, a few easy chairs, and numerous maps and

charts. Lionel had begun to unpack these last. Meanwhile, the space before the house was crowded with negroes, who had gathered one by one to get a sight at the strangers. There were children varying from the black lump that hung like a kitten from a muscular arm, to girls and boys of twelve and fourteen; some ludicrously garbed, others disdaining the fashion of convenient attire. These gave vent to their curiosity audibly, thinking they were not observed, but the lieutenant had taken a reporter's position, for the benefit of the laughing girls.

"Dey 'pears to be *some*," said an old negress to her neighbor.

"Right smart—but do see the imperent airs of dat ole woman dey calls aunty. S'pose she no speak to common folks."

"Well, we's all got to die," was the doleful response of a white-headed old negress; "we's all got to die, all on us."

"Mammy, I's gwine to hop for 'em!" shouts a small specimen of ebony about three feet high.

"You's gwine to do no sich," cries somebody

who may be his mother, accompanying the exclamation with a heavy blow, that sent the unfortunate youngster on his head, to the no small consternation of Carrie, who is sure he is killed, and is proportionably astonished to see him, after lying motionless a moment, roll over and over to the very gate, where he stands, with his feet in the air, and eyes close to the ground, indulging himself with making faces at the fence.

At that the lieutenant laughed heartily, and declaring aloud that he was going to make a *centsation*, threw two or three handful of coppers to the gaping crowd, who ran, ducked, shouted, and howled in their eagerness to get the money.

Carrie sprang from the window, for their expressions of delight became rather too vehement, and the owner of the house, a kind Creole widow lady was obliged to go out and restore order by commanding them all to their respective cabins in the back yard.

"What's the matter now?" cried Lucy.

"My piano, they've put it upside down," said Carrie, surveying it ruefully.

"That comes from not understanding English," said the lieutenant; "although they shouldn't write 'this side up,' on the top, exactly. But we must get the stupid fellows at work. I don't see but what it will have to be unpacked as it stands, and when it's set up, why—it will be a turnover."

The heavy instrument was at length extricated from its head-foremost condition. After sundry manoeuvres by ten or twelve Coolies, who jabbered in Bengalee, writhed, twisted, and contorted, and after an exertion which would hardly have seemed ten minutes work to a Yankee, the piano was set in its place, every key standing bolt upright, and presenting so ludicrous an appearance, that they all stood laughing at it.

At first, Carrie pronounced the piano ruined, but the lieutenant, Tom, and the consul succeeded with their united efforts to reduce it to some order, so that Lucy played the "Star-spangled Banner," and Carrie followed with "Hail Columbia," till aunty declared, laughing, that—

"For Sam she did think they was 'nuff to take

the head clar off de shoulders of a poor body, and she guessed dem Englishers think de hull blessed lot ob em done gone crazy."

The lieutenant took tea with them, and after supper solemnly drew a paper from his pocket, saying, as he did so, that Miss Carrie hearing that he did occasionally—that is, once in a very great while—that is, between long periods of mental laziness, write poetry, she had forthwith desired him to compose a poem for her on the fruits of that delectable country. He then declared that he should proceed to disarm criticism, by saying, firstly, that they were original; secondly, that he wrote them himself; and, thirdly, that they were his own composition—all of which seemed to produce the happiest results, and a flattering attention. In a clear voice he then read,

TROPICAL FRUITS.

Yellow bannanas motled with brown,
Lustred with early dew;
Lay the fair rind with a benison down,
Marking its shining hue;

Lined with a delicate, creamy fur,
See how the hand of God
Gives richer treasures than gold or myrrh,
Unto the teeming sod.

Oranges! oranges! fresh as the day,
Best in the garden's range;
With the tinge of amber melting away
Into a richer change;
With tiny islands of yellow-mould,
Peeping from rich sea-green,
And a cunning net-work of brown and gold,
Covering all between;
Open the fragrant rind—the cells
Are bursting with luscious wine,
Drink deep of the nectar that never tells
The mournful tale of the vine.

Its bright robes tinted with royal red,
And the salmon's glowing dyes,
I think by the crown on the pine-apple's head,
'Twas the king fruit of paradise;
How luscious its juicy flavors are,
Born under a tropic sun,
With never the breath of frost to mar,
Nor the cold east wind to shun;
On the rich man's princely board is spread,
In the clime of the Northern cold—
But here—by the poor man's daily bread,
Shines the pine fruit's rim of gold.

Though wealth may value the cane-brake more,
Be the triune of nectar mine—
For the fairest gems of the Indian shore,
Are the orange, bannana, and pine.

“Though poetry is a drug in the market,”
laughed Bob, “it may be tolerated when one writes
of something good to eat.”

CHAPTER XIV.

BEAUCHAMPS.

Of all men, a miser is the meanest living. He forgets his humanity, and puts all his impulses out at usury. Living like a dog—he scarcely deserves Christian burial when he dies.



MET the most beautiful woman to-day that I ever saw in my life," said Lucy, one evening, "and our hostess has been telling me the strangest story about her. You remember that miserable, deserted house we saw some days ago?

well, that was where the old miser, Beauchamps, lived—what a dreadful old man he was!"

"Ah! you don't know the half of his wickedness, or the tenth part of his meanness," said the Creole, their housekeeper. "I knew Mr. Beauchamps myself, and have traded at his shop many

a time. And I knew little Rosa well, indeed I know her now, though she is a tall woman and has two little children of her own. When she is ill she will have nobody but me to take care of her, and sometimes she comes here in her carriage to see her old nurse. Ah! indeed I know her. Her father gave me this very house that you are in, and, though her husband is going to be a governor, my little Rosa will remember me, and write me long letters, just as she did when she went to school in England. She has such a loving heart."

"And where is he going to be governor?"

"Barbadoes," was the reply.

The girls sat very quiet, their knitting in hand. They had sought the rear of the house for shade, and the few palm trees that grew there did not obstruct the view. Some of the Coolies were fanning their little furnaces, in which rice was boiling for their frugal dinners. Here and there, a group of blacks set at their doors; one of them, in a far cabin, dressed in great state, and the acknowledged queen of them all. Britannia was,

in truth, a regal personage. Very tall, intensely black, there was something in her port, her tread, that gave one the impression of superiority. Her dresses were always made with taste, her turban the jauntiest and tallest to be seen, and her face, in spite of its color, was really beautiful. The girls had been talking of her, and, insensibly, the housekeeper had been drawn on to tell something of her own experience, and the story of Rosa Winfield was the result.

"Lucy, can you remember it?" asked Carrie, after a long silence.

"Of course I can," said Lucy.

"Then, dear, you shall write it out for me. Mrs. Littlejohn must have it—my poor Etta must read it."

"I write it!" cried Lucy, aghast.

"Now, no exclamation points, if you please, for I know, dear Lucy, you could do it beautifully—at least, say you will try."

"Perhaps I will," Lucy murmured.

So the result was, that after a long series of consultations, comparing notes, and taking the

manuscript down-stairs to the housekeeper, the following story was sent to the friend of their mutual love, and what was their astonishment to see it returned to them, in the course of a few months, printed and bound—a neat, tasteful little book in paper covers.

“Oh, Lion! Lucy is really an author!” cried Carrie, her eyes like diamonds, as she fluttered toward him—the fairy gift in her hand.

The book was passed from one to the other. Lucy was quite transported for the time. It was so novel, so strange a sensation to see herself in print.

“Just like Mrs. Littlejohn,” said Lionel. “I dare say she has distributed them long before this among her cherubs, as the old general has it.”

“What in the world are you talking about?” cried the lieutenant; “it’s all Greek to me. Has Miss Lucy really been dabbling in ink, and pray who is Mrs. Littlejohn? I seem to have heard the name before.”

“It is likely you have,” replied Lionel. “Miss Lucy has, quite unconscious of her coming fame,

written a book, and Mrs. Littlejohn is a dear friend of ours, who, some say, has a mania called prison-reform. Consequently she has visited the jails and prisons for nearly twenty years, with advice, books, sermons, flowers, and, better than all, the sympathy of her noble heart."

"And has she ever succeeded in reforming any of these hardened sinners?"

"In several instances that I could name; but I am curious about this story myself, and, as Lucy has written it, I vote that Carrie read it to us in this way. I will fasten the swinging lamp in the balcony, and we will carry a table and some chairs out there. Thus comfortably fixed, amidst the fragrance of the flowers, and the soft trilling of the nightingale, we will listen to this wonderful story."

"It's not wonderful at all," said Lucy; "if it had been I should never have written it. It's only—"

"Tut, tut, that's for us to say," cried Lionel, with a glance that silenced all objections, and sent poor Lucy blushing to find her seat out-

side. And so Carrie was installed reader of this strange, but as the housekeeper had averred, true little story.

THE CREOLE MISER.

He lived in a little square house, and he was a little, wrinkled, queer old man. The house had exactly eight windows in it, and for curtains, a thin, gauzy substance, that had blackened and whitened again with age, called in ordinary housewifely parlance, cobwebs.

Very busy had his aged upholsterers been, (for I expect they were quite old veterans, those spiders), not only were his windows draperied, but his walls, his ceilings, the inside of his cupboards, his bed, his board; and they always spun a little on his old thread-bare coat, so that people who were inclined to be funny, said that he carried a part of his furniture with him.

Outside this miserable house rare beauty reigned. One palm-tree, the king of a stately group, towered in majesty a hundred feet, and looked down in sovereign contempt upon the miser's cottage. But

then trees and flowers grew there because they would in spite of him. Gorgeous oleanders brushed the dust from the sides of the dingy edifice with their delicate pink fingers; other bright creatures of the soil, dressed gaily in yellow and blue, or simply arrayed in modest white, decked the miser's garden. An orange tree bloomed and clustered there, and sometimes a little swarthy hand reached up to its boughs and pulled stealthily, while a pair of eyes kept constant watch. It was the dirt-grimed, yet small but beautifully-shaped hand, they were the brilliant, glorious eyes of little Rosa Beauchamps, the miser's reputed grand-child.

Little Rosa looked nothing like her grandfather. He was short, diminutive, and ugly. Of a light, mottled, mahogany color, diversified by a very faint shade of yellow brown, his little features gave the key to his character. His nose was a pinched affair that looked as if there never had been enough of it. He had no teeth, and his thin lips were sucked in—perhaps he grudged the very room they took. Grizzled and gray, his

hair stood out like the points of the compass from under his rimless straw hat. His clothes were so scant they clung to his shrunken limbs, and the patches seemed pasted on. A nondescript pair of shoes completed his attire—neck-tie, collar, gloves, such things he never wore—and yet the richest and daintiest of the land had business with this miserable, godless man.

Now and then, people thought as they saw the little Rosa creeping about the house, with woe-begone face, that she was ill-used. Sometimes they ventured to coax her, but she appeared to be a scared little thing, and never ventured near any one. She had, as I said before, bright eyes, almost preternaturally bright, but they were always circled either with tears or dirt. Her hair was beautifully glossy, but tangled into one knotted mass. It might have hung in bewitching curls over neck and shoulders of delicate proportions, in fine contrast to a rich brunette complexion, but there was no one to cut, curl, and arrange it, and as to comb and brush, I don't suppose the child had ever seen either.

One dim afternoon in the rainy season, the old miser wended his way homeward. Many a pedestrian turned to look and smile in spite of the driving storm, for the old umbrella he carried was split from top to bottom, so that under its shelter, what there was of it, quite a comfortable little shower came down on its own account. The miser entered his hingeless gate, and the palms waved him a mournful welcome, sending jets of water from their champagne-like goblets on his musty hat. He entered the house and called Rosa. No little dingy face answered his call, and looking about, amazed, perplexed, for a little moment he sat down to think.

To think! Of what can a miser think? He can grind money out of filthy dust-heaps and refuse bones from the very leavings of a dog's dinner, or worse. He can scrape it from the empty till of the poor widow, even from the lean flesh of orphan children, but of what can he think?

He cares not if banks fail, for his gains lie imbedded securely under his eye. Can his thoughts

turn to literature? He never affords a daily paper. A book would be a heavy expense. "Man wants but little" is his motto—so he starves both soul and body.

And what are his pleasures? He cannot enjoy home; a fire, a cheery, blazing fire would give him an ague-chill. A candle is an unnecessary luxury—what does he want of candles? His friends are so dear that he declines intimate companionship with them. He can count his gold to be sure, but how stealthily! His hand shakes, his heart sinks as he lays every hard-earned dollar away in his money-bag, for visions of robbers and assassins come between him and the closed shutters.

Poor groveller! there he sat with eyes half-closed, and head inclining slightly forward, thinking perhaps of his hardly-driven bargains. He had forgotten Rosa, her presence was not necessary to him, and if she had gone there would be one less mouth to feed. At last, he took from his pocket an old, dingy wallet, counted its contents, and grimly smiled.

"Riches at last," he muttered, "like the grave—

I gather them in. It was lucky," he continued, looking out on the leaden sky, "lucky that Rosa's father died just as he did. Ha! I was mighty squeamish just at that time, but bless my soul, after I got going I couldn't stop. 'Twas pleasant to be rich, and the little brat knows nothing about money—what could she do with money? She'll grow up and go out to service, and what shall I care? She's no chick of mine. But I'm hungry, I must eat my supper. Lucky for me I don't expect much attention, shouldn't get it if I did. Lucky for me I don't have tea and toast—it would take a fortune."

He went to the musty-smelling closet as he said this, to get his usual meal, a couple of raw plantains. To his consternation there was but one there. In vain he ran his hand again and again over the accustomed place. What did it mean? Who had dared to poach upon his premises? A thought flashed over him. Rosa, the little wretch; she must have stolen it. She had dared to be hungry in the morning; had dared to ask for more than the scant portion he usually gave.

Great was his rage; a strange thing for a man to get angry about; but had one seen how suddenly those hollow cheeks flushed, and what fiery glances shot from those eyes, it would not have been difficult to solve the reason. He took up the plantain in one hand, snatched his cane with the other, and thus began a search for the half-starved child.

"I'll teach her to steal!" he muttered, grinding his teeth and shaking his stick; "I'll teach her to steal; I'll learn her a lesson. Rosa, you little wretch; no, nice little girl, sweet little girl, come here, I've got a plantain for you. Come to your old grandpa, darling; nice little girl; he's lonesome." And thus, stooping, peering into dark corners, and almost inaccessible holes, the old miser hunted the house over, but no Rosa became visible.

"The brat!" he cried at last, standing perfectly still, though shaking internally with rage; "she's somewhere; she's not out in this rain; she's in at Aunt Jessie's, but Aunt Jessie shan't save her. I'll pinch her, I'll strike her, I'll beat her for stealing my supper."

The night had come on; outside the darkness was something awful. The miser opened the rickety door under which the rain was plashing and running down the dark entry. It seemed darker yet, once out in the miserable yard, but the yellow radiance streaming from Aunt Jessie's little window gave a clue to his uncertain footsteps. So the rain pouring down upon his triangular head-gear, he hurried to her door and knocked.

"Who dar?" asked a coarse, female voice.

"It's I, your landlord. I've come after little Rosa, is she here?"

"Laws! how you talk, 's if Rosa dar come here dis time o' night."

"I say is she here?" thundered the miser, growing impatient.

"No, Aunt Jessie, oh! do say no," whispered a small voice, imploringly; but Aunt Jessie was a consistent church member, and she hesitated.

"Ef she ar, what you want of she?" at last, she asked, sorely perplexed.

"Oh, Aunt Jessie! how could you? Now he'll know, he'll kill me—for I took it—one of the

plantains he left. I was so hungry! don't let him have me."

"She's a sweet little girl," said the miser, in a lower voice, "and her old grandfather's lonesome. Won't she come and stay with him this rainy night?"

"La, chile! he speaks drefful kind to ye, chile; go out with the poor old man; he's your gran'fer, Rosa."

"I know it, but oh! won't he beat me?" sobbed the child, rising from her crouching posture, and creeping towards the door. "Oh! won't he pay me?"

As they entered the house, Rosa fell on her knees and begged him to spare her. He lifted her roughly, and, dripping as she was, led her rudely by the shoulder to his room.

Poor child! the blows fell thick and hard upon her naked shoulders. Piteously groaning, she writhed and shrieked, and strove in vain to shield herself, until, at last, bruised and quivering like a reed, she crept to her own dark corner, and, near morning, fell asleep.

The next day the miser met an old friend he had not seen for years. Profuse were the congratulations and inquiries of each other.

"They say you are getting rich, Beauchamps," said the stranger; "how is it? Ten years ago you were poorer than I, notwithstanding your propensity to save."

"Rich," croaked the miser, "rich, I wish I was rich. What do people know? Look at me; should you think I was rich?"

"Upon my word, no," was the laughing reply; "but some one told me that, judging from your purchases and rapid sales, you must be wealthy—nay, that he had seen you count out thousands in good, solid gold."

"Pshaw!" muttered Beauchamps, his face turning ashy, then added, "oh, aye! the merchants, my shippers, I suppose."

"And where's that pretty little child Henry left? still with you, I suppose?"

"Aye, her father is dead," replied the miser.

"Dead—your brother-in-law dead? Are you sure?"

Beauchamps started and looked his questioner in the eye; he fancied he read a strange, uneasy expression there.

"Dead," muttered the stranger again; "I did hear he was dead, I remember, but I thought it was rumor; besides, I fancied I met him, or saw him somewhere, not long ago. Did he leave anything? He was said to be quite well off."

"No, nothing, nothing, save a few ornaments for the child," replied the old miser, uneasily; "but come into the shop, it's too hot to talk here."

"Why do you live alone?" continued his questioner, "you ought to be married."

"Too expensive," muttered the old man.

"Always your cry; how terribly the shoe of poverty must pinch!" answered the other. "Such a life as you lead isn't living. Go to the tailors and buy a new suit, and ask some thriving body to marry you."

"I'll think of it," said the miser

On the morning of that same day, Aunt Jessie, finding her entrance cut off through the doors,

crept through a low window into the miser's mouldy back room, and found her way to Rosa.

"Poor chile!" she exclaimed, stretching out her kindly hands, as Rosa smiled a sickly welcome. "I dreamed of yer, an' my ole heart kept saying 'Go in and see if she's sick.' Now, don't tell me—oh! Lor' of mercy!" she cried, in unfeigned horror, seeing the child's ill usage in the marks upon her shoulders, "and he using fair words to she, and beat she so. And ye's had no food dis yer morn'ing, I'll warrant."

Rosa shook her head; she was nearly famished. The good black, who had been Beauchamps' tenant only a few weeks, seemed struck dumb with astonishment. Hastening out, she soon returned with some plantain, a bit of dried cocoanut, and a little warm water in a calabash. The child ate eagerly; ate until she was satisfied. It had been a long time since she had done that.

"Bress you, chile; you's white, you is," exclaimed Aunt Jessie, who had undertaken to wash the child's face. "I thought you was a colored child," and she performed her office thoroughly, combing

out her tangled locks with a gentle hand, and turning them from her finger in long glossy curls.

"Mother's dead, honey, ain't she?" asked the kind creature.

"Yes, and papa, too. Papa used to have me a nurse, and she dressed me in pretty little white aprons with blue ribbons, and curled my hair every day. But papa went away, and grandpa took me from my kind nurse; and papa never come back, he died away off; and oh! I only wish I could die, too, and go with him."

"No, no, honey, don't you wish that, 'cause the Lord got somefin for you to do, or he'd a taken ye to his blessed self. I'se a poor ole branch, everything stripped away; all the chillen gone, an' the ole man, too; nobody left to call me mother, an' still I jes' stays patient till de Lord send for me."

The child looked up, comprehending but vaguely, yet feeling after that that it was wrong to complain. What a transformation! The exceeding beauty of the little face, but for its pallor, might have

claimed the attention of a connoisseur in child loveliness. And when the miser came home at night, bringing his heavy shop key with him, he started as he entered the dusky room, and saw her crouching in the corner.

"Confound the brat!" he muttered, "I wish the thing was dead," and at that moment he was a murderer in the sight of God. In truth the man was very uneasy, for the remark of his friend about the child's father had stirred up a nest of vipers in his black heart. So threatening, so vicious was the glance he gave her, that she shrunk back, and involuntarily put her hands together, after the manner of her daily supplication.

"What have you been at, little viper?" he asked, seating himself; "who fixed you up so fine?"

And the poor motherless child answered, her voice trembling from extreme terror, that it was Aunt Jessie.

"The black serpent!" he answered with a growl, "and you, I suppose, innocent infant, told her

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



"And he seized her delicate wrist."

p. 147

you didn't have enough to eat, eh?" and he seized her delicate wrist.

- "No, no," she cried, wildly, "I never told her—I won't let her come again—please don't beat me!"

But finding his plantains untouched he ceased, and yet it seemed to enrage him that the poor child had found a friend, and every time he passed her he would catch her by the shoulder and shake her, or thrust his doubled fist in her face.

Only once as he gazed at her, and the tears came trickling down her cheeks, a sudden spasm contracted his features; for in the misty light that hovered near the unglazed window, he saw, for an instant, the child's dead mother, bending with sad, eager look, over the babe of her love—the fair, younger sister, whom, in his youth, at least, he looked upon with a brother's tenderness.

Had he ever been young? we might well ask. With his grizzly, crisped hair, and whitened beard; his shrivelled features and stunted form, had he ever been young? Yes, there was a time when

bloom and vigor heralded his approach to manhood; when the light of a strong intellect sparkled in his eyes, and gave to his expression clearness. One thing had blighted all his life—one wrong that could never be redressed, and it had changed him, by degrees, into a moody, vengeful, and distrustful man, and the love of money grew strong as forged chains to bind him to a grosser occupation, that of gathering gold for gold's sake.

Five years before, his sister had died, leaving a little child, the last living of seven. Her husband had sought to forget his grief in travel, and had left his little daughter Rosa and her nurse in charge of Beauchamps, who then lived in the island of St. Kitts, with his only living sister.

Beauchamps was appointed the child's guardian in due form, and thus property to a large extent was left in his hands in case of death occurring to the child's father. The first year the child prospered; Miss Beauchamps was as kind to her as a mother. The second year she was to be sent abroad to school, but, unfortunately for the child, Miss Beauchamps died, and the tidings of the

traveller's death came soon after, so that an awful temptation was thus thrown in the way of the money-getter; for there was no heir save little Rosa, and he was her sole protector. He yielded, and this acquiescence made him bad to the heart's core. He grew greedier than ever for gain; became careless of his personal appearance; removed from the island, where he was well known, to Georgetown; dismissed poor Rosa's nurse, and began to count his crusts and measure out his plantains. Rosa, poor child, soon felt the change. Her neat little frocks grew rapidly to tatters; her hair, once nicely curled, now all unused to care matted together, and her face grew wan. Harshness became familiar to him, and she learned that the hand, once conferring only benefits, could deal the angry blow. He obliged her to call him grandfather.

But to go back. Rosa as she sat there crouched forlorn, and weeping, made him shudder, and fancy a vengeful presence near. He turned from the child, and began thinking of his new project. He would buy a suit of clothes—a very, very cheap,

thin, strong suit of clothes, that would answer for work as well as a wedding. Still, turn whichever way he would, the haunting eyes of the child met him.

"Pshaw! why should I think of him?" he muttered. "I'm sure he's dead; ought to be when he wrote to me himself on his death-bed; and I received a letter from the man who closed his eyes. Dead, yes, he'll never rise to disturb me, only in the face of that girl. I wish she was dead," and he glanced uneasily toward her. "If I only had the nerve; but no matter, she'll die soon the way we'll work her."

The suit was bought and worn. It was made of linen, good, strong linen, that would last, the tailor said, as long as the old man himself; that he'd warrant. All things prospered with the miser. He had no fear of God, why should he? God had never interfered yet with any of his plans; as for having space for repentance, he never thought of that. He simply existed, and laughed the idea of providence or retribution to scorn. He wooed and was successful. He was soon to be married.

Rosa had not been well since her last cruel treatment at the hands of the miser. She moved wearily about, eating nothing, resting little, sleeping fitfully. The miser often looked at her as she lay before him, "suffering with a slow fever, and hoped she would die. Without care, medicine, or attendants, the child was daily growing worse.

It was the day before the miser's marriage. Everything was ready for the ceremony, and he was in high glee. He had ascertained to a penny the exact amount of his wealth, and the child's fortune made him a rich man. Suddenly, a gun boomed in the distance—the British steamship had arrived. What should cause him to tremble? why should his heart sink at that sound? There was no known earthly reason why he should not regard it with pleasure, for at these times he reaped harvests. As he stood there, wondering not a little at himself, one of his men came from the vessel and handed him a note.

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed, as he broke the seal. He grew pale, livid as a corpse, and hurried to the little box he called his office. There he sat

down, throwing the letter on one of the benches used instead of chairs, and wiped the sweat of anguish from his brow, rocking himself to and fro. For thus ran the note :—

“BEAUCHAMPS:—My dear, old friend, here I am, and soon to be, I hope, quite well. You heard I was dead; no wonder. I came near being buried alive with the hospital corpses. No respect shown to people, you know, when cholera rages. But I will tell you my whole story when I see you. Come off here to-night, if you can, for I’m sorry to say, I’m so prostrate from a long illness that I can’t go ashore till to-morrow. How is Rosa?—God bless her. I hope well, and growing heartily. Bring her with you. I long to see the little creature from whom I have been separated so long. I hunted all over St. Kitts, and have been five or six months finding you. I was ordered off after my lucky escape, and went to England. You could not have received my letters, sent to St. Kitts. I trust my little Rosa has not escaped me by being at this moment at school in England. No doubt

you have done your best by my little lady-bird.

Come aboard.

Yours,

“HARRY OF OLD.”

Had a thunderbolt smitten him, had the lightning blinded him, the wretched miser could not have been more thoroughly smitten to the very ground—crushed, despairing. Rosa's father lived; lived to claim his child, and enjoy his fortune. The child was dying in rags; the fortune had increased tenfold, and oh! agony, must it slip from his grasp now? What to do he did not know. No subterfuge would avail him. He sat there in the growing darkness like one bereft of feeling; doubt and misery clogging the footsteps of his thought, whilst ever and anon his haggard brow was wet with great beaded drops, and he smote them away with clenched hands.

It was a mild, autumnal evening, but there was no dearth of summer there. The palms and the feather-like foliage of graceful tropical trees bloomed as brightly as if decay were never to touch them. On the porticoes of the pretty houses, as the

miser passed them, sat gay groups, enjoying the beauty of the vivid moonlight. Soft music floated from many a window, and glad laughter greeted his ears, attuned more to the discord of fiends than the melodies of happy hearts.

Two or three pretty girls dressed in white muslin, their ringlets brightened with flowers, sat on the piazza of an old merchant, who, for many a year, had lived opposite the miser. They were gathered about a chair wherein reclined an old gray-haired man, their father, plying him with questions, for they had been spending the past year in England; and had but this day returned in the steamer.

"And who, papa," asked Claudine, a beautiful brunette, "who is that just going into old Beauchamps' house? and where is the old, wrinkled miser?"

"That is him," answered her father. "I wish that hut would burn down some time; it's a terrible eye-sore to me," he added.

"That the miser! impossible, papa!" answered Claudine. "Why, he was a contemptible-looking,

wizzened old man, and this one, I am sure, looks quite respectable."

"Nevertheless, it is the same one," answered papa. "He has, for a wonder, attired himself in new clothes; and I confess I should hardly have known him myself. He is going to be married."

"Going to be married!" they cried simultaneously, "who will have him?"

"It seems somebody will; who, I don't know."

"Where is that little child? Rosa, I think her name was," asked Claudine.

"I havn't seen her for some time," replied the father. "She used to be hanging about the gate and under the trees over there, poor little wretch. I don't believe he treats her well."

Just then Aunt Jessie came laboring up-stairs, with her week's wash for the young ladies, nicely balanced on her head.

"Kye!" she exclaimed, placing the basket down, "glad to see my young missusses at home again," then rapidly changing her position as she looked, her smile changed to a glance of extreme terror. while she cried, pointing opposite—

"Oh, massa! massa! he kill she, he murder she; oh! look, missee! look, massa! dat poor chile, dat little Rosa. Oh! de good Lor', whar shall I go?"

All turned to the direction she pointed, at the first sound of her voice, and, to their horror, saw Rosa, her eyes wild, her face ghastly, standing with outstretched arms at the opened window; a wound in her forehead from which the blood was falling. It was but a moment before another figure appeared in the background, and either in passion or entreaty, holding forth both hands. He strove to clutch at the child, while she, with a shriek that curdled the blood of the listeners opposite, threw herself headlong from the window to the ground.

The group on the piazza were quite frantic with terror. Assistance was called, and the senseless body brought within the merchant's house, and laid upon Claudine's bed, while a servant was immediately despatched for a medical man.

When the miser had entered his house on that memorable evening, he had first fastened the doors and then called for Rosa. He was half-beside

himself with rage, shame, and mortification. Visions of terrible import whirled through his brain; how could he dispose of her? how hide the fact of his cruelty from her tender, high-spirited father?

The child was raving in the delirium of fever for the first time. He caught her by the arm as she ran, singing and half-clothed, through the empty, desolate chambers. He glared at her; she returned his look; he shook his head, she laughed and mocked. Her cheeks burned, her eyes blazed.

"Imp!" he muttered, "scourge of my life. Aye! laugh, laugh at my ruin; it shall be your last."

The child danced, screamed, yelled, and whirled about, throwing up her thin arms. She seemed for a moment to be turned into an avenger.

"My mother has been to see me, grandpa," she cried, shrilly, "and she wants to see you," with these words springing with uplifted hands toward him. Unprepared for this act, the old man stepped aside. There was a hole in the floor just there—his foot went in and he fell headlong, while the

laugh of the delirious child rang louder and yet more shrill.

Maddened by her mirth, the old man lifted himself from his recumbent position, and with one fierce blow sent Rosa reeling against the wall, where a loosened nail tore her fair forehead. Then, shrieking with pain and fright, she ran, pursued by the trembling Beauchamps, into another room, and threw herself headlong, as we have described, from the window.

When the neighbors who had gathered about the house, at last forced their way in, they saw by the rags, and dirt, and penury around, how Rosa had been treated. Guided by heavy groans they found their way to the old miser. Rosa had, unconsciously, been her own avenger. The fall her blow had caused had ruptured a blood-vessel, and the oppressor was dying. His miserable story was soon told, and as far as could be, restitution was made. On the day following, while Rosa's father bent in tears over his hapless child, a hearse, without carriages or mourners, carried the old miser Beauchamps to his last resting place. They

buried him in what was to have been his wedding-suit.

Rosa hovered long between life and death; but the kind attention of her young nurses saved her life. All claimed her, from the dark-eyed Claudine to the gay Julia; and there in their midst, the child and heiress of the English merchant found a happy home.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

"Over the harp from earliest years beloved
He threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones
Of melancholy beauty, died away
Upon its strings of sweetness."

"Whose song gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start."



AND a second mother, you might have added," said Lieutenant Weiss, who, for the last ten minutes had appeared to be asleep.

"Why! did you know all about it?" asked Carrie, with brightening eyes.

"I think I did, my little friend; also, I can boast of an intimate acquaintance with young Rosa, Mrs. Winfield now. But, Miss Lucy, allow me to

congratulate you, the story is remarkably well told."

Lucy bowed her thanks, blushing, while the consul looked unusually pleased and happy, though he said nothing.

"What a romantic thing for a true story!" Carrie remarked.

"My dear child, that is nothing to some incidents that have happened in this place," said the lieutenant. "People cry out at the improbability of fiction. I don't think it possible to invent such strange histories as I know and can vouch for. But, consul, are you not aware that the air is growing cool and damp? It would be safer for us to take our seats in-doors."

Acting upon this suggestion they all went within and sang old songs for an hour.

"Look to your signals, consul," cried the lieutenant, coming in the next morning, "there are three vessels in sight."

Up got Lionel, and declared that two ships and a brig were coming up. Two foreign, the brig American.

"They will be here in an hour; meantime where are the ladies?"

"Busy getting ready for the inauguration," said Lionel.

"True, I'd quite forgotten that the governor was coming. Well, Mr. Consul, they can't get up two prettier faces in the colony."

"I'm of opinion not," said Lionel.

"Especially Lucy's," retorted the lieutenant, with that sly look of his.

Lionel flushed and winced. He was one of those men who don't like to be forestalled in anything, consequently it did not please him that his friend should hint that he felt a particular interest in Lucy.

"As far as beauty is concerned," he said, gravely, "they are neither of them irresistible. But here they are."

Carrie had challenged the lieutenant the night before to write her a poem on a given subject; so, her sweet face all smiles, she held out her hand, sure of having it promptly filled.

"I never forget a promise," he said; "and you

really do seem interested in my poor efforts. I think we could establish a literary club easily. Now wait, Miss Carrie, before you read, till I walk the entire length of the room, and to the music of your voice scan the beautiful scene before me." Carrie thoroughly admired the lieutenant, though she was not blind to his faults. So, laughing at his efforts to appear unconscious, she read the following.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

Two blue-eyed boys! how oft in dreams
Their dimpled arms around me cling;
And lip meets lip, and softest tones,
The light of beautiful memories bring.

"Those are your two little brothers?" queried Carrie, looking up,

"Yes, desperate characters," was the reply.
"I've flogged 'em many a time."

Carrie resumed her reading, though the laugh made her lips unsteady, as she said:—

"Now, sir, don't you speak another sentence till I'm through."

LED TO THE LIGHT.

Two blue-eyed boys—I know sometimes
They talk of "brother," soft and low,
And wonder when he'll come again—
Or wonder how he dared to go.

My fair-browed mother—whither now
Do her thoughts tend of days lang syne
I know they form a living wreath,
And mingle lovingly with mine.

She dreams of palms, because they say
Their plumes wave wild beyond our door
And often through her vision floats
The splendor of an Indian shore.

Three noble brothers, o'er whose sky
The sun of childhood breaks no more—
But whose strong barks upon the tide
Steer bold for manhood's brighter shore.

They sing the songs, the olden songs,
They strike the harp—one chord is broken !
And sad they lay the music by,
With thoughts too tender to be spoken.

My father's grave—the spirit of storm
Hath woven a garland pure and white
To lay upon it, and the moon
Will border it with gems to-night.

For when she looks upon a grave,
Methinks an angel gathereth
Her tenderest beams, and skilful weaves
A glittering coronet for death.

My olden home, my garden home,
Where trellised grapes and roses grew
Where the gnarled limbs of cherry-trees
Gave winsome fruits and frolics, too.

Where'een in winter, floral charms,
In old conservatory, fain
Would make a summer, though the snow
Clung closely to the window pane.

Ah! happy home; ah! garden home,
I long to see your pleasant front,
To wander by the bordering pinks,
And pluck sweet flowers as I was wont.

'Tis true that beauties endless, grow
In the fair land through which I roam,
But oh! my heart yearns oft to see
My loved ones and my native home.

“Now I *do* think,” cried Carrie, looking up,
something suspiciously bright on her lashes, “I *do*
think that is—”

"Sweet!" mimicked the lieutenant, holding up both hands.

"You are ridiculous," responded Carrie, laughing in spite of herself; "but I didn't know you had three brothers all older than yourself."

"Oh, yes! I have hundreds," he responded, quietly.

"Hundreds!"

"In my castles *espagne*—yes. They troop over my bridges of romance; they fill my innumerable halls of fancy; and when I write a poem, like that, for instance, I throw two or three in for effect."

Carrie bit her lip.

"Then are the fair-browed mother and the father's grave thrown in with them?" she asked.

He changed color.

"No, no, I beg you to believe not," he said, hastily, a transient cloud touching his face with a sombre shade. "My mother is—*my mother*," he added, with soft emphasis; "and my father's grave is too sad a reality."

Like most very vivacious persons, the lieutenant

was suddenly downcast by the merest allusion to a melancholy fact. His father had not been dead quite a year. Now he tried to whistle; walked off to the farther end of the room, and sat down thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"O! breath of public praise!
Short-lived and vain! oft gained without deser',
As often lost, unmerited."



HERE came news from Government House; such a rush, such a crowd, they never could get there; and it was the next thing to impossible to find a carriage; everything had been taken in the shape of vehicles. The lieutenant looked up incredulous, saw the disappointment visible on Carrie's pretty face, whistled apparently to himself for a brief moment, and left the room abruptly.

"I suppose *he* will go," said Carrie, half pouting.

"He can walk," Lionel responded, "but surely Lucy, you cannot think how you will be rushed and crushed, as aunty says."

"I don't care about going much," said Lucy.

"Oh, no! I don't suppose you will," cried Carrie, vivaciously, and half wickedly; "or Lionel either," she added; and then satisfied that she had made a point, turned to the window. She did not see the vivid red that shot up in Lucy's clear cheek, or the bitter lip of Lionel, as he hurried out of the door. Presently, Carrie looking out, still clouded and unhappy, saw something that sent sunshine and contrition over the naughtiness of her expression—Weiss in full uniform, driven up in a magnificent barouche, and lolling at his ease behind a coachman of ebony complexion and almost gigantic proportions, whose dashing livery seemed to invest him with the glory of pride and pomp, no less than the splendor of their aristocratic surroundings did the family whose position he represented.

"Why, where did you get it," cried Carrie.

"Splendid, isn't it?" was the response. "Did

you ever see such grays! recently imported, too. Justice Burrige let me take them—the whole establishment I mean, driver and all. They're going down to the steamer, momentarily expected; so don't spare a second, get on your fixings in the twinkling of an eye-lash, we must drive back like Jehu."

Up flew Carrie, up hurried Lucy, and the consul threw himself back, laughing.

"You are the greatest fellow at expedients!" he cried. "Who of all things would have expected the governor's coach after us?"

"Oh! I can wind the whole colony about my finger," laughed Lieutenant Bob. "But it wasn't quite so much my influence, you see, this time. The justice saw me there with a long face. Query: what did it mean?"

"*Answer.* That I was out of sorts; expected to bring the consul, along with his two sisters, but couldn't find a vehicle for love or money. *Query.* Had I tried love? Well, not exactly, but had put on my most blandishing smiles at the doors of every stable, and before the face of every hostler,

and hadn't succeeded. Then the justice heard a tremendous shout. The governor was coming. 'There'll be a hullabaloo now,' said he, 'and I must receive his excellency. But here,' dashing off a few lines 'my coachman will take you right back for your ladies, and my wife will see to them when they come, only don't, pray, be above an hour, for the carriage must be in waiting at the dock by twelve.' I strove audibly to give him my blessing, but tears, the crowd, pressing engagements, etc., interrupted, you understand. So here I am, and here are the ladies, bright as roses after a dew bath."

The morning was lovely, all the roads had been swept and garnished by a rattling shower at four in the morning. The palms sent long spears of light from their polished stems as they bowed royally to the passing breeze; every bird, and flower, and blade of grass seemed to smile and rejoice. It was not quite a mile to the Government House, but the road was solitary for nearly that distance. Every living thing that could go in carriages, on feet, or on crutches, had gone to join in the pleasurable excitement. Where excitement scarcely ever

reaches fever-heat, and events crawl like flies, such a thing as an inauguration is hailed by the whole population as a heaven-sent boon. Faintly towards them came the ghost-like echo of distant huzzahs, growing gradually into living shouts. Now the road began to show evidences of life. Here and there an Indian carrying a hunting-bow and spear, or bottles of cocoa-oil, for the purpose of trading with the inhabitants. Presently a group of awkward Chinese merchants, with oblique glances, and shining pigtail, then crowds of Coolies, their dark oriental eyes lazily lifted to scan the new-comers, their splendid forms, lithe as willows, draped with red and yellow mantles, picturesquely disposed about head, neck, and loins. Dutchmen, swarthy browed Portuguese, broad-built English sailors, blue-coated marines, trimly-dressed East Indiamen sailors, negroes, black as jet with stores of fruit in great pans on their heads, pretty mulatto girls, with fancy goods in fancy baskets, and as the splendid barouche entered the fast thickening ranks, a great shout went up, off came hats and caps;

bowing, scraping, grinning, were the order of the moment.

Lionel looked puzzled, Lucy grew red, and Carrie wanted to know what they meant by making such a fuss.

Only the lieutenant sat back in grave majesty, his arms folded, and an unimpressible gravity fixing and moulding his features.

"Don't you see they are doing us the homage?" he asked, as presently they came up between files of soldiers, who instantaneously, black and white, presented arms, the bayonets flashing, the swords glittering, while the drums began to beat, the cheers became deafening, and three bands of music, all stationed within hearing distance, struck up, "God save the Queen," "Britannia rules the waves," and "Old England."

"What in the world do you mean?" queried Carrie, who in spite of her confusion, found her spirits rising with the exhilaration of the sight.

"Why, they believe that we are the hourly expected members of the governor's family. I saw it from the first, for every body knows the

justice's barouche, and that it is always in service for such occasions as these, so submit to your honors."

"What nonsense!" laughed Carrie, "but it is great fun, though. Which of us, do you suppose, they take for the governor's wife?"

"Which, indeed, I wonder?" laughed the lieutenant, gazing from one blooming face to the other, while Lionel muttered that if such was the case, he supposed it couldn't be helped; but he didn't half like it.

"And the best of it is, the steamship is detained, I believe, and won't be here to-day," said Weiss, "so the illusion, like a long story, will be continued. But here we are at Government House. Pray, how are we to get through this sea of heads?"

It did not look as if there was a loop-hole in that dense mass, but the coachman drove straight along, to Carrie's dismay, who felt as if she was on board a modern juggernaut, and should presently see heads and arms rolling about from beneath the wheels. It was a relief, however, to mark the eager faces surge backward, all of them more

or less smiling and contented to be pushed, and presently there stood the justice himself; a roar went up; the band began a frantic national anthem, and Lucy and Carrie found themselves, they scarcely knew how, on the steps, up the crowded passage, and, eventually, in the midst of a merry group of ladies; wives of officials and visitors from England, here and there a slight sprinkling of nobility. The ceremony was quite awful to our American friends, as indeed it should be, when with the investiture of office, comes a salary twice as large as the people of the United States give their President. Never was there a more gorgeous uniform. Carrie said it quite dazzled her. Gold braid, shining jewels from strap to waist; gold frogs, stars, fringes, with drops like diamonds woven in; a chapeau that might have given splendor to the dress of a king.

"I have been honored with a card to his Excellency's first reception," said the lieutenant.

"Mercy!" said Carrie, "it's as large as a barn-door. Do they graduate those things by the rank of the office?"

"To be sure; do you know that some of them are sent in carriages of state, and require two bearers to hold and present them undamaged?"

"I know that you are ridiculous," laughed Carrie.

"The ceremony is over," said Lionel, "shall we adjourn with the rest to the cathedral, which is only across the way?"

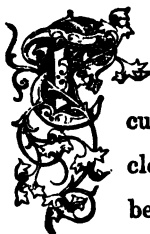
"The eyes have it," said the lieutenant, mischievously, with a glance at the assenting faces, "particularly your sister's eyes, Mr. Consul."

So they went with the crowd to the cathedral to listen to the inauguration service.

CHAPTER XVII.

POOR BRITANNIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LUCY.



HE hospital cart stands at our gate. It is a miserable affair. One of its curtain-boards is hanging down, disclosing what looks like a comfortable bed; but how many have been borne away in its narrow, coffin-like space, by its lank, lean-ribbed horse, never to return.

"Poor Britannia! I wish you could see her as I saw her first, moving in her queenly way across the yard, her broad shoulders and splendid bust well developed under the coarse gingham of her dress, her large but handsome arms swaying with

every motion; her immense hands outspread, a voluminous cotton turban on her woolly locks; her great, dark eyes rolling in seas of white; and withal, Britannia had a rude beauty that was very striking.

“When we first came here, she was well and hearty. Then a nice, pretty little ‘pickanin’ was born, it is now nearly a month old, such a cunning, but queer little thing, for the people here took it by the hands or by the heels, and it would straighten itself like a piece of stout wire. I never saw the like.

“Britannia had promised herself a great deal of pleasure with her baby, but an imprudent visit when it was two days old, laid her on a sick-bed, and the poor child had to be cared for by strangers. If white, it would have been pronounced an unusually handsome child, as it was, I thought it an African beauty, and as knowing as it was plump and pretty.

“Slowly and reluctantly poor Britannia yielded to a conquering disease which had fastened itself upon her vitals. She breathed with great diffi-

culty, and once when she implored to see the white missus, thinking, perhaps, that as she had come from a strange country, she possessed some magical power, I went to her cabin. It was a small, hot place. An apology for a window, divided into two compartments by a wooden screen, which was all pasted over with pictures from old newspapers. A table stood under the window, her bed laid on the floor, and she, stretched upon it, panted in agony. The baby slept in the forward part of the cabin in a clothes-tray. I felt quite faint when I looked upon its little black face, for death was written in that of the mother.

“Well, the ‘white missus’ could do the poor African no good, so, as I said before, the hospital cart stands at our gate. After frequent visits to and fro, at length they appear with the miserable mother at her door. I shudder at the sight, so wan, so ghastly she appears, and they bear her so barbarously. Instead of a decent board provided with a bed, upon which she may lie with some comfort, they place her arms around their necks, two supporting her head, two her

feet, leaving her body dragging almost to the ground. Surely, this looks like heartlessness; poor Britannia is human if she is black. She moans as she goes, and oh! how it would smite a mother's heart,

“‘My little baby! my little baby

“These words, and these only, her gasping breath utters. She cannot go without the little child, her love is strong in death. At last she is placed in the narrow car, and following the old hearse, (I did not mean to say it, but it is out,) I can see the little night-capped head of the baby over a pair of stalwart shoulders. The father is bearing it with her to the place she loathes and dreads.

“The tears blind my eyes, a stouter heart might well weep at the touching love of that suffering woman, at the sight of that almost motherless, unconscious infant, its helpless head unknowing the fond support of maternal arms, swaying from side to side. And so the cart has gone, and the mother and the baby. An hour passes; the father slowly returns with the black mite asleep on his bo-

som. They would not let the child stay. I am sure Britannia's heart will break now.

"16th. I wrote you only last night about poor Britannia. To-day the sun shines gloriously; great dew-drops glitter in the pomegranate bushes, and gem the stately lillies in our garden. The great-hearted lillies, such as you seldom see in our colder climate, beautiful as the sunshine on the dazzling wings of a white dove, all streaked and veined with wonderful tints of pearl and crimson. Out in the street the light-hearted African goes crying her wares, and the loud laughter of the children sounds cheerily from the cabins.

"You must know that the cabins are 'down a piece,' in the back-yard. They are attached to every house, and used to be the slave-quarters in the old times of tyranny. Now they are let to the free negroes.

"The boys are parading paroquets and parrots for sale, and the Coolies hurry to their toil in flocks. While all this bustle and hurry of life goes on, the hospital cart crawls to our gate again. A little while and all is explained. I said poor

Britannia, without her little babe, would die. Four stout men bear a board, and under that tightly-folded calico covering lies the dead body of Britannia. More care for the senseless clod that cannot feel, than for the dying body, that a few hours ago felt every motion like the pangs of dissolution.

“They carry her into her little hut. The children crowd wonderingly about the door. And there—sad sight—the motherless baby with its calm, bright eyes, innocent of even a tear of sorrow; a small night-cap on its woolly head, as usual, (Carrie made that night-cap in a freak of fun) a bit of cotton cloth, not quite covering its tiny limbs, is borne about by a child scarcely larger than itself. And poor Britannia mourns no longer for her little baby.

“It is early evening. The sheet of water, just behind our dwelling, glitters with the silver-white reflection of the moon. Beyond it rise the solemn palms. On yonder ruined house, once the residence of a hard, cruel task-master, and which the natives say is haunted by his restless spirit, yet, the pale

light wanders at will, straying in through wide, black crevices, till the unsightly rafters shine with a strange white splendor. How blue and vivid the arching vault of heaven, with its mild stars, and its milder moon. How the waving tops of the cocoanut trees dip in the clear lustre, and shake their plumes till the light seems dropping in small glistening globes from them.

“The whole space below is thrown into mild shades by the huts, by the thickly-grouped trees, and the cabin inmates all sit quietly at their doors, throwing light chaff on the red fires before each entrance. They talk low and softly, still watching the crimson flame which they always light on the occasion of a death, for what reason I do not know. Hark! a strain of solemn music; it comes from the hut where poor Britannia lies; they are ‘waking’ there. And now fervent prayer comes floating over the silence; they do not sleep but watch with their dead.

“I shall never forget that funeral. I shall always exalt the black race far above the niche they have heretofore occupied in my regards.

Their care and tenderness for the poor seuseless body; the really splendid coffin which was bought with their united offerings; a kind of white velvet starred with silver, covered it, and all her neighbors, decently arrayed, the most of them in white, followed the hearse.

“‘We must die,’ says an old, wizen-faced negress, ‘thar be the end of us, ef’ with solemn emphasis, ‘we’s on’y prepared.’

“‘Yes,’ says another, tottering on her cane, ‘wha’ for we cry an’ make so much fuss! Sho! we’s git into heben, please, Almighty Father; we be dust an’ ashes anyhow, we *mus’* jes’ go to de grave for de worm; we sit on high seat, please Heavenly Marster, in His odder world—kye! no use for to cry.”

“No, truly, poor Britannia, ‘no use for to cry,’ your sufferings are over.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

"Matrons who twirl the cup, there be
Who tell our fate in grounds of tea."



BEFORE Lucy had finished her letter Carrie came in, looking flushed and frightened.

"Lucy!" she cried, "do come and see if you can do anything with Clementine. She is going on like a wild girl, and aunty don't help her much."

Clementine was a light mulatto, sent to wait upon the young ladies; a girl of good capacities and a seamstress, but full of queer heathenish notions, and a special torment to aunty, who couldn't "abide" her ways.

Lucy went into the next room where she found

the young girl walking back and forth, singing a chant in some outlandish and perfectly incomprehensible tongue.

"What is the matter, Clementine?" she asked.

"Somebody's going to die, miss, right quick; I'se sure!"

"Nonsense, you silly girl," said Lucy. "How do you know?"

"'Cause, miss, I see a shadow in my room; the shadow always comes when I'se going to see death or trouble, 'deed miss, 'tis so."

"The poor, ignorant heathen!" spoke up Aunty, "'deed knows I'd not put up wid her long, but pack her off and let her go. Chillen, she jes' like them what worship images, 'deed she be, wakes up in de night a groanin' an' a mumbling 'cause she sees shadows and sich like, an' dreams dreams. Now, I's a b'liever in dreams, if they's sensible ones, 'cause it says that we shall dream dreams in de Book of books, but dey mus' be very extraordinary, jes' one in a life time at dat, but dis yer screech-owl, she's all de time doing sich. I calls it de devil's work."

"Never mind, aunty," said Lucy, quietly; "and you Clementine, if you don't stop these strange actions and go to work, I shall send you away, and get some one in your place."

"Oh! well, miss, I been stop den," said the girl, demurely, "but somebody's goin' to die sure, so!" and darting a wicked look at aunty, she shook out the folds of her white dress, smoothed her hair, which had become somewhat disarranged, and sat down to her sewing.

As Carrie and Lou went below, they heard loud words, and a disagreeable voice, oaths and harsh ejaculations.

"Oh!" cried Carrie, "some one is terribly angry. What can it be?"

Lucy listened with a paling cheek. Carrie ran forward, gave one look and recoiled, half fainting.

"What is it, for pity's sake tell me?" whispered Lucy, trembling like a leaf from head to foot, as she threw an arm round Carrie.

"Oh! I can't; oh! Lucy, oh! Lucy! such a sight! his face must have been cut in a thousand places."

"Whose? whose? is Lionel hurt? oh——"

"No, of course not," cried Carrie, resuming her old manner; "but a man is there, one of the ugliest you ever saw, and oh! with those great gashes and strips of plaster, hideous."

"I've a good mind to go and look," said Lucy.

"Yes, we'll both go, and listen, too," said Carrie; "it's nothing private, it's about ship-business, you see."

The girls drew near the open door, but in such a position that they could see and not be seen. Two figures attracted their attention, one a short, stout, and as Carrie had well called him, hideous man, with not quite "a thousand" gashes on and about his face and head, but certainly it seemed that no less than a score of plasters masked the uncomely features. He was talking in a wild, fierce tone, and with gestures that were quite savage, to Lionel, who, with one hand on the table and face turned away, seemed to be listening. The other was a young man, quite as prepossessing in appearance as his companion was frightful. His face and limbs, well filled out with firm,

healthy flesh, his calm, blue eye, in which was an expression of ineffaceable sadness, his somewhat downcast posture, signs, fugitive and almost imperceptible, of trouble of mind more than of body, made him from the first a person of interest in the sight of the two girls.

"I tell you," continued the speaker, who was evidently a captain; "they did their best to murder me, and this man was the ringleader."

"Consul," said the other, with the utmost calmness, and a slight gesture of contempt, "I had no hand in the matter, whatever. If the captain told you the truth, he would say that I tried to warn him, but he hates me so thoroughly—"

"Look ye here, don't go to making a liar of me," cried the captain, with a fierce oath, his face turning deadly white behind the purplish crossings of the numerous scars. "You've had your dinner, you know; I'll give you your supper before I've done with you."

"Which means, in nautical phrase," said the young man, with a slightly quickened voice, "that he will kill me before he gets through."

"It seems to me that your language on both sides is warmer than necessity warrants," said the consul. "You may be sure I shall sift this matter thoroughly, and give you redress in some more satisfactory manner to the law than to your personal wishes."

"Talk of the law before him," sneered the captain; "why, I tell you, he's been a jail-bird once, and there's the truth out."

The young man turned pale, glared at his accuser in a way to make one shiver, then his attitude suddenly resumed the old patient submissiveness, which seemed not so much a part of his nature, as to have been grafted in him through the force of circumstances.

"It is nothing to me what he has been," said Lionel, with firmness. He was thoroughly disgusted at the man's spirit.

"It ought to be," said the other, brutally. "I tell you it needs a chain and extra lashes to keep some men in their right places. But I'm off to the court; all I want is satisfaction, the pleasure of seeing that man where he ought to be; and

that's a place he should never have been taken from."

"I should like to keep him here a few moments," said Lionel.

"Oh, altogether, if you like, provided I get justice; but if I don't, hang me if I won't have it out of him."

"That's a threat, my friend. It's not safe to make such threats in a place like this," said Lionel, sternly.

"Oh! well, beg your pardon, then, if that 'll settle it. Wilkins, you stay here till I call for ye."

The ruffian went out. Young Wilkins kept up head and heart till he had gone, then his head dropped on his hands; despair was written all over the man, as with a pen of flame.

"Tell me what this thing sprung from," said Lionel, in a voice that went straight to Lucy's heart, "in some manner I have taken an unaccountable interest in you."

"You need not, you need not, sir," said the young man, struggling with emotion. "What that

wretch said has sealed my fate. Why should I be worth any man's interest?"

"Because you are a human being, a brother."

The man lifted his face, grown pale and haggard, and looked at Lionel, as one might be expected to look if his all of hope for this world and eternity were being balanced and decided.

"You are very good, but—you—you heard what he said, that I had been a jail-bird once. Ah! my kind, best earthly friend, you told me I might have to bear that, but it's very hard," he added, under his voice. "The brand will remain on a man, sir, no matter how hard he tries; and God knows I've clung to His promises like a drowning man, but it seems as if every hand that came near tried to pluck me down."

"You are discouraged."

"Yes, sir. And yet it was bright with me at first. I went then with Captain Gildersleeve, and on board that ship one could serve God; but on board this one, sir, the devil fills every crack and crevice of it. It's a wicked ship; I wonder what keeps her afloat."

"You spoke of going to sea with Captain Gildersleeve."

"The best friend I have in the world, except the woman that saved me, and that was Mrs. Littlejohn of B——."

Carrie plucked Lucy's sleeve, and a quick sign of intelligence passed between them.

"I am glad you mentioned their names," said Lionel, "they are both my friends. I am very well acquainted with Mrs. Littlejohn."

"She is an angel, sir."

"A most superior woman, at all events. But let me hear your version of this sad story. Why did you not stay with Captain Gildersleeve?"

"He was ill, and had to stay at home this last voyage. I would have remained till he got better, but the fact is, I could not endure to see old faces and old scenes, so I took the advice of a friend, who knew this captain years ago, and sailed with him. Well, sir, he was drunk all the time, and once in that state he fell down the companion-way against me, I was second mate then, and being just enough intoxicated to be brutal, im-

agined I had done him wrong, and drew his knife upon me. I grappled with him in self-defence, and bruised him not a little. For that and for taking him to his cabin, he has never forgiven me, though under all his provocations, thank God, I have been enabled to keep my temper. He degraded me to a place among the crew, and there I soon saw that a mutiny was inevitable. I tried to warn him, but always failed, for he hated me and would not allow me to approach him. Well, sir, I bore all his insults. It was a too hasty temper that carried me within the walls of a jail, and I bound myself with an oath that I would conquer it or die. All I could do when I found I could not put him on his guard, though I did his chief officers, was to divert the consequences from him if possible, though he was a wicked and a brutal man at ordinary times, sir, and one could not blame undisciplined men for hating him. Well, the time came off and the mutineers pretty nearly did their work. You see how the captain was served. Then, sir, we touched at one of the islands, and the rest of

the crew being Portuguese were landed there, in chains. This captain knows that I had no intention of joining the men who tried to destroy him, and his mates know it, so that he dares not take me back to Buffalo, where he is detested, and where circumstances would go against him, but he thinks he can persecute me by this conduct, and I have no doubt he will give me his supper, as he said, that is, a quietus once for all. He's capable of it. I don't think he expected to meet such a man as you are here. I think you judged the captain by his conduct."

"I did," said the consul. "But tell me, how long had you been in prison before you were released?"

"Three years," was the reply. "And but for Mrs. Littlejohn, I should have lain there to this day. That woman stands up in my heart like an angel of light; nobody can tell what she has been to me; there is no reward rich enough for earth to give her. She found me sullen, suffering under some injustice, though I was a guilty man. She saw that I was motherless, fatherless,

and almost without relations in the world, and that I had gradually been led into crime. From the first I felt I could listen to her, and I am thankful that I could, though I never supposed every man's hand would be so thoroughly against me."

"Except Captain Gildersleeve," said the young consul.

The man bowed his head, his eyes were glistening with tears.

"And mine," continued Lionel, in a low voice.

"What? you trust me? you believe me? you will see me righted?" a shiver of relief, of gratitude, swept over the man from head to foot.

"I both trust you, and will see you righted. If there is a possibility of getting you away from that brutal captain, I certainly shall do it. Still, we must be cautious, for it is not best for me to incur the ill-will of these ship-masters. How should you like to remain in Guiana for a while?"

"I would willingly, if I knew what to do."

"A gentleman up the Essequibo is in want of a young American man, from twenty to thirty

years old, to work with him in growing articles for export to the United States, such as rice, cocoa, and coffee. He has just taken hold of a very large, deserted plantation, and feels quite ambitious about it. He says to me, 'I want some one you can depend upon; your word will be sufficient,' so you see he does not ask for testimonials."

"But, sir," said the man with some hesitation, "I am an utter stranger to you; will you really recommend me to this friend?"

"Have you any letter about you, either from Captain Gildersleeve, or Mrs. Littlejohn?"

"I have a recommendation from the captain, endorsing my seamanship, and among my effects on board, half a dozen letters from Mrs. Littlejohn, which you are at liberty to inspect."

"That is all I need," said Lionel. "Go down to your ship and make yourself easy. I think I have some hold on this captain, and shall represent to him that you have strong friends, and that it will be better for him to drop the matter. If that don't answer, something else shall."

The young man, with grateful looks, and a manner indicating an almost worshipping reverence for his benefactor, thus unexpectedly raised up, left the consulate, while Carrie and Lucy fled breathless to the parlor.

"Isn't Lionel a noble fellow, Lou?" cried Carrie; "why I do believe you are going to cry."

Lionel came in just then.

"I have received sad news, girls, since I saw you."

They looked up with startled faces.

"Do you remember that lovely young English girl? She is dead."

Lucy grew pale, Carrie sorrowful.

"Oh, Lion! it can't be possible."

"It is even so," he replied, "though I am told that last night she sat on the portico with her family, and was in better spirits than usual, confidently declaring, for the first time, that she believed she should get well. It is expected here that her friends call immediately on the occasion of such a bereavement, and as we are less strangers than the residents, perhaps you will go with me."

The girls hurried to prepare for their mournful visit. Alas! where so lately had been a scene of festivity a woeful spectacle had succeeded. The house was in wild confusion; servants hurrying to and fro, strangers coming and departing, while the sounds of weeping and mourning were heart-rending.

Our little party were not surprised to find their friend already coffined, and had they not come as they did, they must have been denied a sight of the sweet countenance so lovely in death.

"Lion, Clementine foretold this," said Carrie, as they left the house of mourning.

"Foretold! what do you mean?" asked the consul.

"She acted like a crazy creature, and said somebody was going to die."

Lionel smiled.

"All the blacks about, between this and Government House, knew of the sudden death," he said, "they hear such news first from the servants. But Clementine is very cunning, and wishes to make a reputation as a sight-seer or foreteller of

events. Many of the ignorant population work upon the credulity of the strangers here, and astonish them for awhile, besides making considerable money by this means. Perhaps Clementine contemplates setting up as a fortune-teller, and wishes to get a capital of reputation. She knew very well we should hear nothing of the event till the family sent us word, and so she tried to impose upon your credulity."

The mystery was solved then. This explanation seemed a rational one, and Carrie ceased to wonder at the pretensions of the sharp maid, and told her so. The cunning mulatto, however, only cast a curious glance out of the corner of her eye, as she exclaimed,

"Kye! missus mighty cute."

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTER FROM LUCY TO MRS. LITTLEJOHN.

"Speed the sweet intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole."



WISH I could describe the rain! Such a rain! Did you ever see the sky yield its bottled floods at this rate—a jug full at every drop? Down it comes, veiling the black trunks of the palm like a cloud, and almost drowning in mist the blushing flowers. Shut the door, or we shall be inundated. Hear it rush like a legion of hail-stones up to the window, and rattle down the streaming lattice-work. Well, this is a tropical rain, and I like it; there is music in it; it is full of bird-notes. Hopping, fluttering, flying, and

pluming their wings, these happy, gorgeous, spirit-like things, like the merry thoughts of childhood, are coming and flitting continually.

“Now for the harp, the viol, the universal piano. Now for old-fashioned books and the rocking-chair. Now for the pen, and jotting down of careless thoughts attuning them to the dancing patter of the rain. Now for the ‘do-just-what-you’ve-a-mind-to’ hours of dreamy indolence.

“It is what they call the short, rainy season of Demerara, and it is appropriately named, for down comes a dash of rain, enough to fill a river in fifteen minutes, then it drops coyly, over-brimming the long champagne goblets of the cabbage-tree, and a moment thereafter, out bursts the sun, spangling and vivifying the shower-jewels that still fall from the majestic oriental leaves.

“I have still to thank you for the pleasant surprise you gave me, in the shape of that little book, and from my heart I am grateful to you for your kind encouragement. You know how much afraid I have always been of being set

down as a literary woman ; a 'blue,' and when you urged me to use my talents, I felt as if I would not have even my cousin Lionel, (here Lionel was scratched out, and 'Carrie' substituted rather clumsily,) know that I had any purpose in my scribbling. But since the little book appeared, I have felt more inclined to unfold the napkin, and put out my one gift at usury. I hope from being extremely apathetic I shall not grow too ambitious.

"From my window I can see the blind Coolie and his daughter. You have no idea how beautiful some of these East Indians are. These two are the best specimens I have seen. A snowy turban envelops the head of the old man; a gauze scarf hangs over his slender shoulders; one hand, gleaming with silver rings, rests heavily on the arm of his daughter, the other grasps a thin cane of bamboo; the fire in those great orbs flashes no more; the exquisitely moulded features repose as if in placid unconsciousness. Only sometimes the delicate lips work nervously, under the sunny moustache, when he raises his sightless

eyes. A tunic of crimson clothes his nether limbs. His small, bare feet, and round, lithe ankles, glisten like polished mahogany, and he steps lightly, despite his age.

“And the girl, how pretty she is! Her glossy locks are gathered smoothly over the small head and knotted at the top. No blush tinges her cheek, but she does not need it. The orient tint ripens her color to a rosy brown. Such tender eyes; such beautiful features, as if chiselled to the finest extreme of delicacy. Her teeth might shame the South Sea pearl,

“Their hut is just behind the house, a low cabin without windows. A platform, but little raised from the floor, is the sole couch of the old man. Here, without the luxury of a mattress, he stretches his weary limbs, and chats with his pretty daughter. A small mat in the corner is her bed; the floor is scrupulously clean.

“This race is a strange and wonderful study. Serfs in reality, they betray by their bearing a princely lineage, that always reminds me of ‘the sons of the house of David.’ One feels instinc-

tively like shrinking before the fixed and haughty glances of their splendid eyes, in which the haunting spirit of a long imprisoned race, seems to lurk, shadowy and sorrowful. The wrongs of ages throb in the absent smiles, they are so melancholy. I declare I never knew what a regal gait meant till I saw these Coolies; and to think that they are herded like cattle almost, and driven into the canals and ditches to work.

“I am very glad that you find so much improvement in poor Etta M’Whirt, even if her lease of life seems shorter. We all sent her a box the other day, by the brig *George Green*, packed with oranges, lemons, and figs; beside that you will receive several trees of banannas; we had them picked very green, and hope they will not ripen too fast on the voyage. Tell Etta that Carrie and I helped pick the oranges; the lemons, very large and fine they are, were sent us by a Mr. Wilkins, whom, of course, you remember. He was (I can’t bear to think of it, he is really so handsome and accomplished,) one of your congregation in the jail ‘opposite’ for several years.

Ah! but indeed he loves you, his eyes glisten, and his whole face lights up at the merest mention of your name. There was some trouble, I forget what it was—a mutiny, Carrie says, as I ask her—and the captain, who hated him for some cause, tried to implicate him in the quarrel but failed. So Lionel bestirred himself in his behalf, after seeing your letters to him, and succeeded in getting him with a Mr. Laheure, who has taken an old plantation in hand up the Essequibo, and intends to make a great affair of it. It's a fine old place Lionel says, and, by the way, we are going to see it, as Mr. Laheure has given us a special invitation, though he says we must take things as we find them. But Lionel, I can't help the old habit of calling him by his Christian name, though he is consul, and is cultivating a terrible beard, says he must look after his *protege*, this Mr. Wilkins. Lionel was anxious that Mr. Laheure should be given at once to understand all about his former position, but he pleaded so hard, that against his will, Lionel gave in to him. Mr. Wilkins is a young man, who will,


I think, make his way in the world. He was here one evening, and really talked well, besides playing very prettily on the piano. He is very modest, and sometimes quite melancholy, which, of course, only adds to the interest of the circumstances.

“You will hear from us. We have as yet hardly begun to see the sights in this colony, but it has taken us sometime to get acclimated. Carrie don’t care half as much about the new clothes as I thought she would, though she does grow very pretty indeed, and quite tall.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determined to be free."



AS Lucy went from her writing-desk down-stairs, she was met and welcomed by the chief-justice. "He was a nice, portly man," Carrie said, "and had such a delightful deaf wife;" both of which descriptions, though rather quaintly expressed, were correct. The justice was a vigorous, bright-eyed, hale gentleman, with that floridness of complexion which the gentlemen of India seem to gain in proportion as the women lose it. In stature tall, in dimensions just short of obese, was the chief-justice. He had come to invite them to the

celebrated orphan-asyllum of Georgetown, then past the trying ordeal of an experimental system. It was quite an established fact now, he said, and proceeded to dilate upon it as being the child of his own adoption and raising, he had a perfect right to do.

"We had been agitating the thing for years," he said, "finding ourselves surrounded by a low, thieving population, a surplus of ignorant children that we could not seem to gather into schools. Of course, the abandonment of slavery was not the high road to virtue, save only as we lifted the miserable beings out of the slough of despond where they have so long been wallowing. The consequences of that tyranny still follow even in the shadow of the thing. It's not an uncommon circumstance, even at this late day, for parents to put their children naked, into bags of acoushi, the red stinging ants, a particularly venomous kind. Others have been known to heat copper coin and make children hold them till their hands were shrivelled and burnt. I know several poor little creatures who have lost the use of their limbs

from such outrages. It is the way the parents have been treated in times past, and they naturally cling to the old customs. These are the miserable creatures we are hunting up for our asylum. We wish to give British Guiana what it needs so much, intelligent working men, instead of a festering population, bred to, because bred by, cruelty. So we built a great house and had a great jubilee after it; rescued many a miserable child from infamy, from the cow-hide, from fire and flood, from boiling water and hot coals, from acoushi ants, and from heated coppers; in fine, from cruelties too revolting to mention. And, as to-day is an anniversary, I come to invite you to our embryo college. Only before we go, Miss Lucy will honor an old man, and play for him some particular fancy of her own."

Lucy immediately sat down to the instrument, and, laughing, rattled off one merry national
| air.

"It strikes me," said the old judge, with a playful assumption of puzzled curiosity, "it just strikes me that I have possibly, somewhere, heard

that air before. Didn't we march out one day, and you march in, to its music?"

Lionel laughingly assented that he believed it was so.

It was a bright day. The prancing greys shaking their shining manes, the sunlight glancing like threads of fire from point to point of the glittering harness, the superb barouche, with its lining of velvet and hangings of silk, the high spirits of the girls, neatly but richly attired, formed a combination of pleasurable circumstances that made the hour and the occasion seem the most delightful they had ever enjoyed. They drove through abandoned and picturesque sugar estates, and also through grounds in the highest state of tropical cultivation. The trooly tree, with its huge leaves, the plantain, covered with enormous bunches of fruit, the bananna, the yellow, gleaming oranges, all these bloomed on either side in the richest, rarest profusion. Flowers, than which none can be more gorgeous, claimed their share of admiration. On each margin of the road the fine, even grass made a velvet pathway, threaded with

gleaming canals. Above, an atmosphere intensely pure gave unshrouded view of the sky, so blue, so richly embroidered with small, pearl-like clouds, drifting now thither, now together. Drawing near the "great house," as the people called it, Lion's heart beat faster, and the girls cried out rapturously at the homelike sight of a wide green growth of cane, waving, for all the world, like a genuine New England corn-field. "We only want the hills and one or two farmer's cottages," said Lionel.

The asylum was quite an imposing structure, the main building was in use for schools, dormitories, and living apartments; the wings held offices, dining-halls, and work-rooms. The little party entered a large, uncarpeted hall, from which diverged stair-cases on either side, wide and easy of ascent.

It had become quite a natural thing for Carrie to miss Lieutenant Weiss on any such occasion as this. He had been engaged for that day to dine with the governor.

As they saw the rows upon rows of sable faces,

some of them handsome, all intelligent, redeemed from vice and poverty, Lucy's heart overflowed with gratitude. Perhaps a few words from her journal may not be out of place in connection with this subject.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

He stood before us, a pale, large-eyed child, with a nobly-formed head, soft, curling hair, and a face denoting the possession of more than ordinary intelligence. His little frame was severely attenuated, as if he had been the victim of disease or neglect. His hand was like that of an infant, it was so small, his arm, thin, and apparently almost nerveless. He cast his full, dark eyes to the ground, and stood, I know not why, with lips trembling and muscles quivering, as if just ready to weep. It might be caused by that strange, that unaccountable susceptibility of genius. And this infant, thought I, looking upon him with astonishment, this wonderful thing, whose unchildish depth of expression astonishes me, holds in the slenderest of vases the element that makes artists and sculptors.

"And whose work is this?" I asked, lifting from the centre-table a miniature model of a bird, spreading his wings, and formed in common clay. It was really, for a thing of the kind, a masterpiece.

"This little fellow made it," replied the matron, pointing to the little Portuguese, but he never raised his eyes.

What! the child before me; the little, dark-skinned boy, with his tawny hands! I could not realize it. I tried to imagine the specks of fingers busy with such a work; the wide brow contracted, and the wildly-lighted eyes sparkling with exultation at the success of his childish effort. And still the boy bent his earnest eyes to the floor. No flushes came to his olive cheek; at every word of praise his lip quivered. No mockery of intellect there.

"Pure as the fount from which it springs,
The eyes acknowledged, not the tongue,
Its royal birthright, genius—bright
As heaven where it first had light."

From the rude clay this same little fellow has

formed the model of a carriage, and it is curious to see that even the cushions are made separately, and put in or taken out at will, nor is there any part wanting. That boy is a little wonder, and gives promise, if he lives, to astonish the world.

It was a pretty sight to see a little Coolie orphan, a babe of seven months, in the arms of the matron. His head, covered with the straightest, glossiest black hair, reposed confidently on her bosom; his eyes, the largest and blackest I ever saw, illumined the copper hue of his cheek till it shone again. It was a tiny thing, but it looked living and contented. If spoken to it would smile, in a quiet, melancholy way, and slowly turn its head away; if coaxed it would hold out those two almost invisible arms; but would not leave its kindly "smuggling place." It has two older brothers, who think that in all this world, there is nothing so beautiful. I believe strong affection characterizes this proud but almost effeminate race.

As the chief-justice said, enlightenment, refinement, and liberty are going hand in hand in this comparatively remote part of the world, where the

fig-tree blooms unsown by the hand of man, and where ignorance has run rampant, tramping down the tenderest blossoms of the heart for ages. Churches, schools, and, above all, asylums for the unfortunate, the degraded, flourish in the first, fresh vigor of faith, hope and charity.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

"Her eye may grow dim, and her cheek may grow pale,
But tell they not both the same fond tale!
Love's lights have fled from her eye and her cheek,
To burn and die on the heart which they seek."



HE lieutenant, as he came in one morning, followed by two of the natives, cried out, "How about the expedition?"

"Miss Carrie and Miss Lucy, I have brought you each an offering, typical of your future home, if you accompany us among the Arawaks, as I believe you contemplate. John Jorum advance, and let the ladies see what an ingenuous and architectural race you represent. Two buck-houses, ladies, furnished with hammocks,

cussava pots, and graters, water-goggles, pepper-pot-pot, casarip-pot, benches, canoes, bows and arrows, gods and all."

Carrie was quite in raptures over her present. She had not yet outgrown her love for pets and childish things. I am not sure, but somewhere among her wardrobe, she cherished the last doll that Lionel had bought her. Looking up, she caught the expression of the lieutenant's face.

"He thinks me a baby," she said to herself, indignantly, and, on the instant, grew freezingly cold, said the things were quite interesting, and walked off with heightened color to the door as soon as she could with politeness. Lucy was already deep in conversation with Lionel, who was expressing his opinion about what dresses they should wear.

"Carry wraps and shawls by all means," said the lieutenant, "we may be obliged to spend a night or two on the water. I don't know about these men. The misfortune is that they are not always reliable; but I have engaged four of the best guides in the country, according to their

own assertion. I want to make, as nearly as possible, a pic-nic of this affair."

Tom came down stairs at that moment loaded with guns and fishing-tackle. There had' been a radical change in Tom's character, which afforded Lionel a secret and hearty satisfaction. He had formed the acquaintance of a steady, sturdy, young Scotchman, who was studying for orders, who was at the same time an enthusiastic student, and a thorough sportsman, but who neglected none of his religious duties for pleasure. Under his influence, the once wild and slang-talking Tom was becoming steady and promising. He had resumed his long neglected Latin, and evening after evening, might have been found snugly ensconced in a certain pretty room, filled with books and easy-chairs, while young Macintosh sat near enough to correct and revise.

They were ready at last. Lionel shouldered the shawls, Tom and the lieutenant burdened themselves with the carpet-bags. "They were going to spend a few days with nature, thank you," Lieutenant Weiss replied to aunty's questions.

"The sakes! you aint gwine whar thar's no houses with the chillen', I hopes?" replied that sable personage. "Ye' don't know nothin' 'bout dis yer climate then," she made anxious reply.

"Ah! but aunty, we've got tents, and guns, and fishing tackle," said the lieutenant, starting down the walk towards the carriage, "and provisions for a week."

"A week! de Lor' bless us! down among dem ugly injuns; well, I only hopes they may all come back safe; Injuns, and snakes, an' alligators, hnmph!"

John Jorum meets the little party at the end of the long stelling. John is a tall, and rather handsome Indian, who lords it over his cowering assistants, makes them load the boat, a large, well-lined, covered barge, or corial, as it is called. Let us spring in with the merry group. The sun makes us a pathway of gold. Beds of lily-leaves, thrown there for the sailor-fairies, if any there be, float along with us, until, like a bird borne on the swift tide with outspread wings, away we go. The mighty trees that come, like a grand

procession down to the water's edge, to dip and burnish their tassels in this molten glory, are one of the richest studies for an artist. Between every opening, behold those bits of emerald, hanging motionless to the branches, or flitting through jets and sprays of sunshine, like so many jewels, strung loosely on the zone of the day.

"Come, John Jorum," cried the lieutenant, turning to the Indian who had been using his paddle with long, deliberate dips, "work faster. Don't you see the sun is going down, you lazy six feet of picturesqueness."

Carrie sat just on the edge of the carpeted space beneath the awning. She had thrown hat and shawl aside. Her hair fell loosely about her shoulders in wavy half-curling luxuriance. She wished to be as unartificial as possible amid such scenes, she said. Lucy sat further back, between Tom and Lionel; the latter, his hat cast aside, a long scarf tied under one arm and knotted over his shoulder, playing softly a little Scotch air on the violin. Tom, as usual, was busy with his fishing tackle. Lucy had thrown the hood of her

cloak lightly over her head, and the lieutenant was busy describing the trees and the parasites that in all gorgeous colors climbed the banks.

"Did you ever see a rarer picture?" he asked. "Look as that light illumines the rich moss drapery that hangs in such stately folds from the branches of these old mahogany trees. I wonder how old they are?"

"Oh! what is that sweet, sweet sound in the distance?" cried Carrie.

"That's the wood-pigeon; isn't it exquisitely mournful? When I was a child it often made me cry. There's sentiment for you."

"Oh; look!" cried Lucy, who had been peering into the undergrowth, and the avenues of huge forest trees.

Bounding under the thick trooly leaves came an Indian, smiling and graceful. John Jorum growled something in his native language, to which the other replied with a slight frown. He was tolerably well formed, diminutive in stature; his eyes were bright and twinkling, his straight hair hung glossily under a beautiful coronal, composed of scarlet,

white, and yellow feathers. On his shoulders sat a pair of toucans, quite tame; their thick scarlet beaks pecking often at his tawny cheeks. A polished bow and arrows hung from his breast and his right hand.

Of course he wanted some money, and Lionel gave him some silver, pointing significantly, to indicate that they wished to find a shelter for the night. The corial was fastened to the shore, everything was taken out that they would need, and John Jorum with his two aids left in charge. John had already gathered sticks enough for a fire.

The little party travelled merrily enough, notwithstanding the night was upon them, through a well-worn path where the moss and dried leaves crumbled at their tread.

"You are sure the Indians are friendly?" Carrie paused once to ask, lingering till Lionel came up.

"Oh, yes! all along the Essequibo," was the reply.

Suddenly there burst upon their vision a scene not unworthy the poet's theme. A few buck-houses,

somewhat scattered, and vividly lighted by the fires kindled in open spaces, dotted a beautiful irregular plain. Near every fire a hammock was suspended from beams placed across stakes driven in the ground. In one of them a huge fellow was drawing the bow across an improvised violin. No sooner did he see the wandering travellers than he jumped upright, took a long, Yankee-like scrutiny, dropped on his knees, then on his elbows, then on his back with a turn-over, whose scientific accuracy must have been acquired after long and tedious practice; while gradually his coal-black eyes wandered from them to the tree above. By a little questioning, the lieutenant learned some particulars, and came back to communicate his knowledge to the company.

"That unconcerned fellow with the fiddle is a newly-made bridegroom," he said, "and yonder moon-cheeked girl, with little round eyes, lugging a huge calabash from the buck-house, filled with food, is the bride."

"She seems well-contented with her lot," said Carrie.

"And observe," cried Lucy, "how shyly and admiringly she looks up at him, as if she thought there never was such another."

"Such another there probably is not, to her," said Lionel, "in the whole region of trooly trees, and green hearts."

"Poor little thing! She's a green-heart herself, or she wouldn't be so imposed upon," muttered Tom. "I warrant she has to do all the work. Lion, this is a splendid place for ducks and all sorts of water-fowl, they tell me."

"Let us go nearer," said Lionel.

They went up softly toward the bride. The poor little woman had donned all her finery for the important occasion; a bit of red cloth tied over one shoulder, shoes and stockings of real Indian make, the lieutenant declared. And so they were of good brown flesh.

"How do you suppose they were married?" asked curious Carrie.

"Simply resolved to become man and wife, and with their notions of the relationship, they are very kind and faithful," was the lieutenant's reply.

"How much you seem to know about it," said Carrie.

"My dear child, I was born among Indians," was his reply.

"Now, were you, really?"

"To be sure. My father and mother had been in the interior during a season of plague. On coming home, they were detained by great rains, and in just such an Indian village as this I first drew breath. My mother was almost worshipped among the tribe; they, some of them, remember her to this day, and she thinks there never were such people. They were Caribbeese, and these are Arawaks, but they are all very kindly."

"They are motioning us to eat with them," cried Lucy, in an undertone. "I never could."

"You have never been lost in an Indian forest, then," said the lieutenant, obligingly taking a calabash; "as for me, I'm used to all their dishes."

"They must be jolly; I'm not afraid," said Tom, and forthwith helped himself, pronouncing the compound delicious. Carrie, Lucy, and Lionel, contented themselves with fresh bananas.

"What do you call this dish?" asked Tom, smacking his lips.

"Cabbage worms," said the lieutenant, gravely, taking another morsel.

"What!" Tom was horror-struck, "you don't tell me they're worms?" and his face grew white.

"Tom, you shan't be tortured," cried the consul laughing, "it is a vegetable that comes from the cabbage-palm, and counted a great luxury; nothing of flesh and blood originally, I assure you."

Tom came out of his pallor, shaking his head savagely at the lieutenant.

"See what a beautiful-child!" and Carrie sprang to her feet. "Her form, too. Was ever anything so lovely!"

"She's not stupidly tame, either," said Lionel, "her grace and abandon are simply perfect. Art can do nothing for her yet. Mark the eloquence of her eyes, that dark and thickly fringed read us sermons."

"Come here, my peri," cried the lieutenant, passing from hand to hand a string of gilded beads.

The little one murmured an answer, and fled toward a cabin, where she threw herself at the foot of a very homely squaw.

They went forward, the cabin was open on all sides, posts and a roof being its only protection.

"And that woman is her mother," said Lionel. "What a freak of nature! It seems like grafting a dewy, delicious rose-bud on a thistle-bush. But what can that poor squaw be crying so bitterly for off in the corner?"

"I'll find out," said the lieutenant, and, in a mixture of Carabeese and Arawak, he learned that the great mass of Indian flesh and blood was quite miserable because her rival had married the lazy Indian, who left his wife to carry heavy calabashes, while he swings in his hammock fiddling.

"What a pity our boatman are coming!" cried the lieutenant, "though I for one shall eat my supper with a hearty relish. Give me your hand, my child; thank you, there's a dollar for you. And you guide, prince of Indians, do not disdain

another quarter. Farewell, calabash; what an unearthly twang that fiddle has. See, our bride is wiping her hands and mouth on the green petticoat. The hammocks swing, the watch-fires blaze, we disappear in a halo of glory."

Back to the shore, where they found a table improvised, and a nice meal served on one of the whitest of table-cloths. The awning, that had sheltered them on the boat, was spread over stakes above the table; two immense fires were burning to keep off the mosquitoes, and John Jorum switched a branch to and fro over their heads, as seated on logs they made their meal in the forest. Great glances of red light penetrated far into the recesses of the woods, and painted tree-trunk, mossy vine, and scarlet leaves, while a sense of grandeur and loneliness almost oppressed the little party.

"I say," said Tom, "of the two, I'd rather my lot would be thrown on the borders of civilization, than among savages who eat cabbage-worms."

"Nice for a change," responded the lieutenant.

"Only think," whispered Carrie to Lucy, "we're

to sleep in the forest; they've found a splendid place, Tom says, and made up great beds of soft leaves, covered with Lion's and Tom's travelling shawls. Lion, Tom, and the lieutenant are to stand guard. There's Tom getting his gun ready, he's to have the first watch. Won't it be romantic? Not that there's really any danger, but then the fun and romance of the thing. Isn't it delightful?"

Lucy thought it was—rather.

"You see," said the lieutenant, coming from the corial, followed by John Jorum, "I have the camp-chairs for the ladies which I forgot to bring up before. The moon is rising, we must not leave her gentle highness yet. I promise you a sight worth seeing, bye-and-bye. Miss Carrie, I said I would tell you a little story about that beautiful rock we passed two or three miles from here. It is one my father wrote, and every line is impressed upon my memory. Now, while the water silvers at the first coy glance of the moon, I shall redeem my promise. As the Scotch poet says, (slightly altered,)

"Now's the evening, and now's the hour."

"My father was quite as devoted a missionary as some who were sent out here to reform and Christianize the natives. Indeed, I think he did more good, he was so genial withal. Ah! my father was a Christian, and his dearest wish in life, I believe, was to behold his son following in his footsteps.

"He called the story,

THE LONE CARIB.

I wish you could have seen her as I did, bending down from the tall rock. The river-altar, (for it seemed like an altar) was of itself a sight for the curious, broken by deep fissures, plastered with rich sea-green, red and gray; covered at the base with tiny vari-colored shell-fish, encrusted with a kind of hard, glittering weed, that in some places shone with the clearness and brightness of silver. She was a tall, yet not gaunt, figure, though very thin. Her face was beautiful; her eagle eyes flashed from cloud to shore; her proud, red lip often quivered with suppressed excitement. Her arms were slight, though well-rounded; her long, thick,

black hair hung in heavy masses over her naked breast and shoulders. Her features were European, but her hue was that of the copper-colored tribes of the Essequibo.

There she stood ; her arrow high, her red mantle floating in the breeze, one foot poised lightly, the other firm and strongly planted, while the body, thrown into graceful curves, swayed with the undulating motion of the arrow hand.

In their soft language, the Carabeese called her the "lone Carib." Her father was said to be a white man ; but she sought solitude ; never living in a cabin, or lodge—fishing and hunting for herself. The arrow, the blow-pipe, and the gun, were all familiar weapons to her. Some of the Indians were afraid of her, and some thought she had an evil spirit. Ten years before she lost the husband to whom she had been wedded by the Christian missionary. This young brave had accidentally killed the son of an Arawak chief. As it was well known to be entirely unpremeditated, for the two young chiefs were firm friends, blood for blood seemed not required, and, but for a jealous,

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**



“Before her eyes the Missionary held a rude cross.” p. 233

prowling Indian, the feud might have slumbered for ever.

But on the day succeeding the bridal, the poor young biidegroom was found murdered in his cabin.

Kaiwa's grief was akin to madness. She raved and tore her hair. She vowed vengeance, equipped herself with the murdered man's poisoned arrows, and prepared for her awful mission; but as she turned to take one more farewell, she met the body of her husband, borne by friendly hands, and, falling beside it in an agony of grief, she threw her arms about the cold form, buried her face in her own dishevelled locks, and fell motionless on the bosom of her dead.

Hour after hour she thus reposed; no sob heaved her frame, tearless and terrible was her anguish, until, lifting her dark orbs, in which the fires of vengeance blazed, she sprang again toward the weapons of destruction, but suddenly recoiled. Before her eyes the missionary held a rude cross, emblem of love and forgiveness.

"Christian child," said a low voice, and the

good old man, whose white locks she had always respected, stood beside her.

Her frame shook convulsively as she bent her body nearly to the floor, resisting the passionate impulse to dash the sacred emblem from the spot, and her groans, the throes of her wild sorrow, were terrible to hear.

Was it not something more than human that moved that savage soul to forbearance? The idolised bridegroom of a day, borne bleeding from the road-side, murdered from sheer, wanton cruelty, and the power of vengeance in her own hands, for none would seek to prevent her. "Blood for blood!" the savage code of war all the way through.

Yet, at the name of Christ, at the sight of that emblem, though mad almost by her agony, still, still she forbore. She dared not touch the cross, she dared not pray; she could not weep; but she listened to the calm accents of the aged missionary.

"Christian child, the good Christ sees you, but when the cruel men thrust the sharp spear in His

side, pierced His temples with the jagged thorns, gave Him the bitter gall to drink, He pitied them and loved them still. He said, 'Father, forgive them,' and he says to you, in his own sweet voice, 'Christian child, forgive. I will punish the murderer.' "

In such a strain as this, spoken in the wild dialect of the woods, the good old man consoled her, till tears, blessed tears, poured down her dusky cheeks, and she begged with sobs that they would let the cross stay *on the arrows* till all her bad heart was gone.

Since the time that she buried her husband, and with her own hands covered up his grave, she has been the lone Carib squaw. No one, they say, ventures to speak to her, or, if they do, she only answers with a mournful glance. . Stronger than usual was her love for her husband, and she will never forget him. Every time she visits the little mound where he lies buried, she places there some tender memorial of her love, and takes a melancholy pleasure in sitting beside it for hours.

"My father concluded his description, thus:—

Oh, faithful Indian heart! seldom where refinement and beauty go hand in hand, is the love of man thus made a sacred, lasting pleasure. Lone Indian, brought up in the wilds of the forest, I reverence thee. I had rather have one glance at that beautiful eye, that tells of faith unto death, than hear a thousand tender speeches from lips whose language has no key to the heart. Noble soul! that could thus lay down the armor of thine own hate, and fold, over a torn and bleeding spirit, the mantle of forgiveness and charity.

"My own opinion is," continued the lieutenant, in his usual light strain, "that if her brave had lived a few years longer he might not have been so deeply mourned."

"You are a heathen," said Carrie, half pouting.

CHAPTER XXII.

UP THE ESSEQUIBO.

"The gaudy flower and tempting nut,
So varied and promiscuous grew,
That none their name or nature knew."



O-NIGHT we shall reach Java,' said Lionel, standing with folded arms in the forward part of the corial.

There was a smothered exclamation at the other end of the boat.

"All right, now," cried the lieutenant, leading Lucy forward, quite white and panting.

"Why, what's the matter?" In another moment Lionel was on one side, Carrie on the other.

"I was bending over the water and grew dizzy, that was all," said Lucy, trying to laugh.

"And came very near going into it," said the lieutenant, lightly; "but luckily I was by. At the worst it would have been only a bath. I swim, and John Jorum would dive to the bottom for a sixpence."

"Lion's every whit as white as she is," said Carrie aside to the lieutenant.

"Yes, I have remarked that our consul is easily frightened, when Miss Lucy is in the case."

"Poh! no more so than if I were in danger."

"It would be my turn, then," said Lieutenant Bob, quietly; and Carrie turned away, half pleased, half angry.

"This is the summer-time of our existence," said the young man, after a little pause. "I wonder how long it will continue?"

"Hasn't it always been summer-time with you?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, with the usual accompaniments of thunderstorms, brief, but fierce while they lasted, and an occasional rainy day. I have not yet buckled on the hard armor of life. I suppose I must have my share of trouble."

"Old aunty thinks there is no need of unhappiness, even in the darkest sorrow."

"Aunty's ideas are limited, like her wants and her pleasures."

"Ah! but aunty is wiser than you think; aunty is a Christian. She reads her Bible as if it were a pleasure, and worships God in spirit and in truth."

"Hallo! why here's a preacher!" ejaculated the lieutenant.

• "I can tell you, I wish I was one half as good a Christian as aunty," said Carrie, thoughtfully. "She often says I shall go on wishing till some great trouble overtakes me."

The young man gazed in the bright face, now a little clouded, and wished, perhaps, that it might be in his power to shield so fair a life. Little he thought how soon he might see those eyes darkening as with the awful shadow of death.

The day was cloudless and beautiful. Sometimes, from little clusters of cottages, a swarm of ink-black children ran down the bank, hatless, shoeless, rolled over in their gambols till they were covered

with mud, then plunged into the river and glared at the party with their great, dusky eyes.

In the distance the river seemed a lake of molten gold, and, faintly crimsoned, the pavilion-like clouds hung moveless in a sea of azure. All day they moved slowly down with the tide; sometimes singing, sometimes reading, landing only to walk a few rods for a change, for they took their meals upon the boat.

Very quietly they sat, singing plaintive home-melodies, till the moon was up, and the flower-hung banks, under which crept the weird shadow of night, seemed favored spots for moonlight revellers, who, gathered from many a fen and forest, met in the cool depths of the mango bushes. Here the wild growth assumed the shape of some hoary castle; there a silent village slept upon the banks. Every imaginable shape the beautiful trees took, as the white banners of the moon spread over them. Not far beyond, a slight bridge spanned the quiet expanse, seeming, what in reality it was very far from being, a fabric of fairy beauty and proportions. The sides of the narrow river were

wrapped in gloom; the centre through which they swept glittering like molten silver, drops of which fell shining from the oars. Far beyond, on either side, fields of sugar-cane sloped up to the hills. Sometimes they passed by little towns, sloping down to the water, and there on the greensward before the tavern-door, figures that, in the illusive light, appeared like giants, moved to and fro, some dancing, some smoking, and a confused babel-like mingling of voices rising over all.

At last they stopped near a jutting bank and under a pretty bridge, mounted the uneven sward, and stood by what was once a magnificent entrance. The sights were glorious. The very hue of the flowers, the clusters of limes and oranges shone distinctly in the clear light. Lines of palms skirted the avenues, up the principal one of which they walked with laggard step, lost in admiration at the fair vision of tropical beauty on every side.

"I wonder how the young man gets along here?" said Lionel, referring to his *protégé*.

"It seems to me," said Annie, "that it's an awful tumble-down affair."

"A ruinous old place," the lieutenant said; "I told you so before we came."

The house was heavy, rumbling, and dilapidated, but the towering trees threw their shadows against its old sides, concealing defects and adding beauties; while many of the windows were nearly buried in green and shrouding moss. Its balconies were broken, and the "too-whit" of the owl sounded out from numerous gaping holes in the roofs overhead. Nests were built by curious birds in the broken crevices, and bats wheeled blindly almost in their faces.

Presently there was a stir. Great, black clouds lifted themselves from the long portico in front, each one taking the shape of a yawning, blinking negro, until there stood seven of them.

"Where is Mr. Le Seur?" asked Lionel.

"Dis way, mars' didn't 'spect you till to-morrow," said the tallest and oldest of the blacks, entering an immense hall, so bare and high, that their footsteps sounded up to the very ceiling.

A moment more and they were in sight of a very pretty domestic scene. Beyond the glass-

doors leading into a large circular room, a young man sat writing at a round table; a girl of some seventeen years held a child in her lap, whose long, yellow curls hung streaming over her arm, almost to the floor. Such a wealth of glittering curls they had never seen before. Mr. Le Seur at that moment sprang to his feet, throwing his paper aside. A tall, slender man, with a heavy, tawny beard, frank blue eyes, and an unconscious goodness beaming from every feature. The glass-door was thrown open.

"Upon my word, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Le Seur, heartily shaking hands. "I hope you won't consider me inhospitable. Sandy, have refreshments immediately. Bundle, go pick some oranges. Margy, dear, oh! she has little Lotty, poor little girl; quite ill, Mr. Irving, these miserable swamps breed miasmas. Now, ladies, our waiting-maid is ill up-stairs." He deposited the marble-faced child on a lounge, and Margy, a very pretty, but spiritless-looking girl, came forward smilingly, was introduced, and took them into another room where they put their shawls and bonnets.

Margy was very slow, almost indolent in her motions, and her eyes were dreamy and languid. Her dress hung loosely and ungracefully; her hair which escaped here and there in little curls, did not seem to have that attention bestowed upon it which marks the careful toilet of a young lady.

"You see it isn't of much use," she said to Annie, one day, after she had brightened up tolerably, "I don't see any body from one week to another. There's only papa, and Mr. Wilkins, who are busy all the time, for papa thinks of nothing but crops. You don't know what an enthusiast papa is, and Mr. Wilkins is becoming just the same. If you'll believe it, sometimes I don't see a face for months, save those of the black men, my maid, and Miss Waters, over the river. She is beautiful and good, and I love her dearly; but she's half caste."

Carrie and Lucy both looked inquiringly.

"It means that she is not recognized in society here, though she is splendidly educated. Her father was a planter, her mother an Indian, but I'm sure she is fitted to adorn any circle. I don't

know how I should have got along without her, these years, though I'm afraid I have not done her teaching much credit."

Margy had not bestowed any of her confidence on the first night of their arrival, as Mr. Le Seur claimed all their time and attention. After their collation, which was plenteous and good, he must needs take them into the great store-room, to show them the maize, rice, and cocoa, even to the corn, nutmegs, coffee, and tobacco, of which he had plentiful samples.

Mr. Wilkins seemed entirely at his ease, and quite happy. He bore himself more erect, and no one, looking at his intelligent face, could ever have imagined that his had been a life of such vicissitudes.

From the store-room they went into the great cellar to see the fowls, rows upon rows of which filled the long roost from wall to wall.

"Black, here, isn't it?" whispered the lieutenant, "a vast sepulchral darkness, not quite as pleasant, as sunlight. One of the fellows here says, Le Seur's wife is out yonder."

"What do you mean?" whispered Carrie.

"Fact; she lies there in a metallic coffin till he can send her on to England or America."

Carrie's face grew white and ghastly in the dim light. She had strong nerves, but all the surroundings of this ghostly place had impressed her with, as the Scotch say, a sense of something uneasy.

"Oh, pray, let us get out of this horrid hole," she said, faintly; and the lieutenant, who bore all such things in the spirit of bravado, was nearly frightened at the emotion she betrayed. They went out quickly into the air. The great leaves seemed powdered with silver, and in the shadows even the dew glittered like diamonds. Up started a white object and flapped dismally by, almost touching Carrie's face.

"It's only a white owl," said the lieutenant, laughing at her start. "Come, I move we go into the circular room again. Upon my word it's the only pleasant object I've seen in this dismal place."

So quite faint and really trembling, Carrie was

led thither. The candles burnt dimly, but an application of the snuffers soon remedied that, and the room, which was really a handsome one, was all alight again.

The little child still lay in a heavy sleep on the lounge. Carrie bent over her to conceal her agitation; the whole scene had been so new and strange, she confessed her nerves were shaken.

The tender, helpless face, with all that glittering golden hair, looked so like death that the tears came and dropped one by one on the curls of the unconscious child.

Lifting herself, after an effort at composure, she saw the lieutenant on a chair, beating at something far above his head.

"A tarantula, Miss Carrie, don't be afraid; but it's the rarest specimen I ever saw, and I must have him."

Suddenly the creature fell with a dull thud on the table, and Mr. Le Seur, coming in at that moment, brought a large, open-mouthed bottle and secured him.

Carrie and Lucy gazed at him not without some fear and disgust.

"That's an enormous specimen," said the planter, "one of the kind that generally fights. I have known them to contest the way with a horse; instead of leaving the path, where it is in danger of being crushed, it will throw itself into a war-like attitude and absolutely dispute the way. Fortunately it has more pluck than power, though the sting is very dangerous, sometimes fatal.

"You are tired," whispered Margy, to the girls. "Let me show you to your room, though I am almost ashamed of every part of the house. I am such a poor housekeeper, and this is such an immense old castle."

They had reached on the second landing a great hall, papered from floor to roof with old English pictorials.

"This is our gallery," said Margy, with an awkward attempt at a laugh. "It would cost almost a fortune to paper it, I suppose, and so some picture-loving soul took the pains to ornament in this fashion. Papa says if he buys he shall tear this

place down, and build a regular planter's cottage. This, perhaps you know, was once the governor's mansion, and built regardless of expense, I suspect."

"And that queer noise!" ejaculated Carrie.

"Oh! that's the bats."

"In the house?" queried Lucy.

"Yes, indeed; millions of them, in those two great circular rooms. I suppose the walls, which are hollow, are lined with them."

"Dreadful!" shuddered Carrie.

"Don't you think you should lose all care and ambition, living here? You can't tell how awfully dreamy I get sometimes. Let father do what he will, still it seems a deserted and broken up place. I don't believe it ever will be habitable."

No, Carrie thought not, looking round the lofty rooms from which the plastering had fallen; the cornices, broken and ghastly, seemed ruinous, to the last degree. Shelves had been put up on some parts of the wall, and on these were placed piles of sheets and clothes, boxes, baskets, and even crockery-ware. The whole premises displayed

evidences of utter carelessness, that, to their well-trained eyes, were almost inexcusable.

"What *would* aunty say?" cried Lucy, as they were left alone.

"She would lift her hands in horror, and use her favorite adjectives till there was nothing left of them. Well, poor girl, after all I pity her very much. It must take the ambition out of her. How listless and almost despairing she looked! I'm not sure but I should be just like her, subjected to such a trial."

"Never!" cried Lucy, with energy. "And yet I pity her very much."

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM LUCY.

"Peace to the dead! eternal peace
To the departed soul;
Whose sorrows now in death shall cease,
And sin no more control."



HE next morning, however, the scene seemed all to have changed as if by magic. The dull and heavy mists that almost obscure the face of the sun, and give one a sickly sense of the insecurity of life in such a climate, had vanished.

I could look far without, but all was one wild wilderness of tropical vegetation, with a fresh little oasis of space some quarter of a mile distant, spanned by a rustic bridge, underneath which could be seen the faint sparkle of the canal, and

two or three corials tied to the bank, our own among them. I can hardly describe the first and mingled sensations of that morning at neglected Java. It was pitiful to see how the wild mangrove ran at its own will over the boundaries of what had been beautiful pleasure grounds, trampling down and crushing out the sweet flowers of the soil. It was mournful to see the coarse, wild grass, springing over and bearing under its broad helmets lillies of the most gorgeous hue, that strove in vain to maintain their proper rank.

“‘Come out here,’ cried a merry voice. Carrie was already up and out, and soon in company with Lieutenant Weiss we were threading our way along the narrow ditches, on whose banks the coffee-plant threw out its graceful limbs to the sunshine, all glowing and strung with blood-red berries, brilliantly, though as yet immaturely beautiful. Parasitical leaves, thick, green, and glossy, drooped in myriads from the thick branches of the mango. Carrie and the lieutenant hurried on, but I had no ambition to cross the muddy little canals that met one at

every step, and the sun became so powerful, that, though laughed at heartily by Carrie and the lieutenant, I turned back. So sometimes in the sultry sun, and oftentimes in the woeful shade, with the confused hum of monster insects rising from the moist, sedgy ground, and the impression of desolation, wildness, and ruin visible upon everything but the holy sky above, I reached at last the great dilapidated mansion. I entered it. The blacks were all in the back part of the house getting breakfast, the little child I had seen the night before, stood leaning against the balustrade, her long, silken curls hanging over her dimpled hands.

“‘What’s the matter, darling?’ I asked her, winding my arm about the little shivering form. She laid her head upon my bosom, and lifting the large, heavy eyes, answered in a touching way,

“‘I’ve got the fever.’

“Poor little motherless child! how my heart yearned toward her.

“‘Where is sister?’ I asked.

“‘Up-stairs,’ was the listless reply.

“‘Shall we go up and find her?’

“‘No, please, I want to see him,’ and she pointed to a large-limbed African, who was then passing through the hall, a spade on his shoulder.

“‘Where are you going, Americus?’ I asked.

“‘I’s going to dig a hole in the groun’ for missus, please de Lord, miss,’ he replied, touching the limp bandana that encircled his head. Presently the child and I watched him through the large window, out in the midst of the flowers and the tall herbage, shovelling up the moist earth.

“His long arms, lean with three-score years,
And his ebon visage scarred with time ;
Himself on the verge of the river Death,
With labored motion and shortened breath,
He dug for one who had died in her prime,
A grave in the shade of the waving lime.

“And he spoke no word save ‘ky!’ as he found
A rock, deep-bedded beneath the ground ;
And he bent and measured with stiffened knee,
So many feet for the hollow mound,
And he whistled, and walked away merrily.

"Ah! poor old 'Mericus seldom dreams
Of the better land, and its golden beams;
And he digs a grave as he'd open a door,
'Tis a 'hole in de ground,' and nothing more.

"After dinner, our host gravely informed us that a minister would be present in the afternoon he should have his wife's body buried; that he had concluded he should not be able to carry it yet among her friends, and thought, finally, it would be for the best. So we gathered together, he carrying his sick child, his daughter following, and Lion, Carrie, the lieutenant, and myself, bringing up the rear. It was the strangest funeral I ever witnessed in my life, and I felt as if I were in some solemn country, where never bell tolled or mourners wept, but funerals were going on all the time.

"In the afternoon we were all sitting together, when a very dark but handsome woman came up the avenue, and Margy sprang to meet her. This was the Miss Waters Margy had spoken of, and I really do not wonder at her extreme admiration for her. I have since learned that not

only the daughter but the father is attached to her, but his pride will not allow him to marry her, so there's a case of prejudice.

"The young man who is here to aid Mr. Le Seur seems perfectly at home, and the planter thanked Lionel warmly in his presence. I wonder that Mr. Le Seur did not notice the flush that not only crimsoned the cheeks but the very brow of Cousin Lion. Carrie and I looked hard the other way, but we could not help seeing it, nevertheless. It was quite sad to part with Margy. We had brightened up her life so much for a few days, she said, and urged us girls to stay, but Carrie decided not, and I rather thought we had had enough of it. I much 'prefer to be moving about than sitting still, in a country like this. So we said good-bye, and exacted a promise from Margy that she would come down and see us, which she very willingly gave. Lionel and Mr. Wilkins talked together afterwards, and I fancied that the latter was still begging that his secret might be kept.

"I was sorry to hear that poor Etta was so

low, I fear we shall never see her again. So you really think Captain and Mrs. Gildersleeve may meet us before long! Oh! how glad we shall all be to welcome them. Tom, who particularly likes the captain, sends love. I do hope you will decide to come with them."

So again they were on their way homeward, light-hearted and joyous, and thoughtless as ever. Carrie homesick for the honest black face of old aunty—Lucy speaking of no preferences if she had them—the lieutenant talking much of his own and his uncle's estate in Barbadoes, and Tom anxious to see his new friend, the young Scotch student.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PLAGUE SMITTEN.

"The oppressive, cruel, man-destroying plague,
That ravaged kingdoms and laid empires waste."



NE evening the lieutenant came to the consulate in a serious mood. It was past nine when he left, without asking for music, an indication that he was not in his usual mood. The girls had meantime been sitting together, sometimes playing their much-loved home melodies, at times talking over matters. Carrie did not seem to be quite herself. She gazed often at the door in which the two were closeted, and when at last the lieutenant came out, she glanced nervously in his face, and then paid unwonted at-

tention to the vase of roses that stood on the table near.

The young man smiled in his quiet way, as he said, standing before her, "I have been asking the consul," here he stopped roguishly as Carrie grew a little red and nervous, "to take a trip with me to Barbadoes. When we were there, my uncle had gone into the interior with a party, and my own places are stupid with only the overseers there. But now I think we should enjoy a week there."

He told a part of the truth. He did not say that he had spoken of his feelings toward Carrie, nor did he tell of the grave and earnest decision of Lionel, that Carrie was too young to think seriously of such matters; and, above all, that the man who won her must be free from such blemishes as threatened to destroy the influence of any man, however good his intentions. He had gently reminded him of his reckless expenditures, and, above all, his social failings. His wealth was nothing in Lionel's eye, integrity and honesty were of more value to him than freights of gold. He

had so told the lieutenant, holding out no certain hopes for his future, except as the young man's will might control it.

"Verily," said the latter to Carrie, not long after, "I have found out the truth of an expression you once made use of. Miss Carrie, your brother Lionel is the *oldest young* man I ever saw."

"He's the best brother that ever lived," said Carrie.

"Ah! that's not to be doubted," rejoined the lieutenant.

Lionel was a man of the world, but he was nearer to being a Christian than he knew. He had not yet professed Christ, but the teachings of a noble mother, the instruction of other years, on the Sabbath, had fallen on good soil. He would not have done an evil thing for his right hand, yet he did too much in his own strength.

So Lionel had concluded thus: "I admire your gifts, Lieutenant Weiss, it is no flattery for me to say it; I love you as a brother, and I trust, some day, I may be proud and happy to take you by the hand as the husband of my only sister."

This was why the lieutenant's eyes had twinkled so quietly when he re-entered the little parlor.

"And does Lion consent?" asked Carrie.

"I have his most gracious assent, particularly as it is a sort of farewell benediction on my account. I am going back to America."

"You are?" Carrie felt suddenly as if a cloud had fallen.

"Yes, going home to get made over," he said, laughingly, yet with a certain suspicious glitter on the edges of his eyes; "going to put myself on my best behavior, like a school-boy working for a prize," he added, after a momentary pause.

Carrie was too childish to hide the real sorrow she felt, and her sadness was contagious. He took his leave soon, with merry words upon his lips, but one could see that his mirth was forced, and that he was totally unlike himself.

Preparations went forward briskly, however, for the trip to Barbadoes. Tom was to stay at home. Business was rather dull, and Lionel fancied that the girls needed a change. The party set sail in a barque, having heard no ill news, and having fair

weather all the way, soon arrived at the pleasant little island. At once an unusual atmosphere seemed to surround them. The heat was intense, and no sweet breeze blew shoreward from the ocean.

"Why are the flags half-mast, I wonder?" asked Lionel, pointing to two or three ships around them.

"The governor isn't dead, I hope," said the lieutenant; "he was in low health; or it may be some distinguished official. We shall soon know, however," and he pointed to a small boat that was nearing them rapidly; the health-officer sitting rigidly, like a person of vast importance, in the canopied stern. Presently he landed, a pompous little fellow in black and white.

"What has happened ashore?" asked Lionel.

"Happened, sir! enough, I should think. You're the American Consul, I understand. What did you come here for?"

"I think you have hardly a right to question me," said Lionel.

"Oh, aye, perhaps not, but the plague is here,

sir—never was so infectious before; half the population dead, every body gone who could get off; hotel shut up, houses deserted, grass growing in the streets, you might almost say—very terrible, very terrible, indeed.”

“The plague!” ejaculated Lionel, aghast, “and that is the reason—”

“Of so many lowered flags, yes, sir; captains of all those vessels dead, stone dead, sir. Unfortunate that you came, for here you must stay, sir. Authorities ordered all vessels to remain, that’s the reason you didn’t hear in Georgetown; can’t let any one out. No ladies, I hope, sir.”

“Yes,” said Lionel, with an accent of despair, and a face blank with fear, “two of them. This is really dreadful.”

“Dreadful; sir; unfortunate, can’t be helped, though. If you had anchored out, we might have put you off to sea, but you came in last night, orders very strict, sir. All the English residents went off a fortnight ago—some into the interior, some home—but not a soul allowed to leave the limits now. As for me, I’m seasoned,

I suppose; may not be, though; have been through three of 'em. Will look at your papers here, sir—custom closed, three of the officers dead; died of fright, though; always best to keep cool—'cool and clear' is my motto. You can consult your pleasure about taking up quarters on shore, or staying here. *My* opinion is, the ladies will be better off on shore."

"No need of telling them, Consul," said the lieutenant, whose brilliant face had suddenly changed. He spoke in a whisper. "We can get them out of this sultry situation, and convey them to my old uncle's plantation, or to one of mine. There are no white people on mine, though. My uncle is an old resident and I don't think he would leave for epidemics even, he hates change so much. That last time he went away he declared that he would never budge again. I think they'll be as safe there as anywhere."

At that moment appeared the bright fresh face of Carrie.

"I never saw anything like it, Lion," she said,

laughing a little. "How the flies do stick, and feel so cold and clammy walking over one's face and hands, I declare it makes me crawl. What's the matter? how sober you look! and how very quiet every thing is. All was bustle when we were here before."

The consul and lieutenant exchanged looks, then the latter turned away with some light jest, and Carrie, easily satisfied, walked off with him, the white scarf she had thrown over her head and shoulders scarcely stirring in the breeze.

Presently Lucy appeared. She was very pale, she trembled a little. Lionel, seeing there was a change in her appearance, went toward her.

"Oh, Lion, I know all," she whispered, "but don't be alarmed. I was terribly startled at first but I'm not at all frightened now. It is awful, is it not?"

"Awful, indeed, my brave Lucy," said the consul, looking at her tenderly, and at the same time mournfully. "But tell me, how did you learn about it?"

"From the steward. When he came to give

me my coffee, (Carrie did not wait for her's,) I spoke of that queer pile out on the stelling.

“‘Yes, miss,’ said he, ‘them’s coffins, and we’re all going to Davy’s locker, now, shure ’nuff, I expect.’ One of the washer-women came on board at day-break, it seems, and said the people were dying like rotten sheep, and they had to keep the coffins on hand. Oh! Lion, it is dreadful to think of, but I feel calmer now, and put my trust in God. What shall we do? The steward says they won’t let us turn back. Can we not go on shore, either? Must we stay in this stifling heat?”

“No, I trust not, if we can only get a conveyance; it will be much best to land; we cannot risk this burning place, and the sun will be out fiercely as soon as the mist clears.”

“It is the color of copper,” said Lucy, looking up as she spoke.

“Heigho, I guess you’ve all got the blues,” said Carrie, coming forward with the lieutenant. “Lion, you look like a demented politician who has lost his election. I wish you could do something, either go down to breakfast, or go ashore.”

This gay mood made Lion's heart ache, but he replied carelessly.

It was arranged that they should go ashore in the boat that brought the health-officer, and, after a light breakfast, they were rowed to land.

"How quiet it is!" said Carrie. "The place looks so deserted."

"I question whether you can get a carriage, sir," said the officer; "still my servant shall try for you."

Lionel thanked him. The man returned soon, bringing a sordid-looking African, who led a horse to which was attached a vehicle, half dray, half box.

"Why, what in the world is the meaning of it?"

"The people are not early risers here, Miss Carrie; they are all asleep."

"But we can't surely ride in that thing," persisted Carrie.

"Can't git no odder, Miss, 'case you see—"

"Never mind," exclaimed Lionel, with a gesture that was almost fierce, and that effectually stopped the negro's speech. "We must put up with this

nondescript, he added, good-humoredly; "a board seat will do for the girls; or stop, our trunks; we can stand up. Jump in Carrie."

Carrie laughed, and tried to make the best of it, but still she could not avoid seeing that something was seriously wrong. The shops were closed, the streets deserted; there was no cheerful sound of saw or hammer, or careless laugh. What could it mean? Now and then a strange, wild cry sounded in the air. Once a tall African, wierd and shrivelled, sprang from the hedge, and, raising her arms high above her head, uttered the most piteously mournful shriek, and then sat down again like a corpse.

"Lion, something terrible has happened. I'm frightened," cried Carrie, bursting into tears.

"What! at that crazy old darkey?" asked the lieutenant, feigning a mirth he was far from feeling.

"No, but this dreadful silence!"

"But remember how early it is."

"It seems late to me. What time is it?"

The consul took out his watch. Fortunately he

had forgotten to wind it up. He held it forward for Carrie's inspection.

"Seven," she said, drawing a long breath; "what a tedious morning!"

Presently they came to the plantation. The dew sparkled on the English roses, the paths were swept clean, orange and pomegranate glittered on bush and tree; everything appeared so calm and lovely that Carrie forgot her apprehensions.

An old man appeared at the door.

"Hallo, Bob! what on earth have you come just now for? Our women—"

An expressive gesture on the part of his nephew silenced him.

"Oh, well, in with you. Ladies are welcome to any part of the house. Folks gone for a little pleasure tour into the country. I never go; I'm rock, iron, marble—a well-seasoned old Barbadian. My wife says I shall never die in the natural way, but dry up and blow away. Sorry we hav'n't any women servants about. Help yourselves; I'll have some lunch directly. Bob, sha'n't I send Shirus up? he's as handy as two women, and if

the young ladies need anything he can serve them. It's eleven, isn't it?"

Carrie gazed wonderingly at her brother; he was looking another way, while the lieutenant took his uncle aside.

"You see, sir," he said, when they got in the cool, cheerful hall, whose snowy matting was sprinkled with light cane-seats, "we never dreamed of these things; and if it is a possible thing to keep the young ladies in ignorance, we should prefer to do so."

"Bless my heart, yes," said his uncle, rubbing his hands slowly, one over the other. "Unfortunately, the sights and sounds are all adverse to your plan. Why, Bob, if you'll believe me, there were seventeen people in my place up the river; Hollyworks, you know. Well, sir, not a soul of 'em left; from old Hollyworks *aet* ninety-one, to Hollyworks *aet* one week or so. Dreadful thing; never can replace them, never; best hands I had by all odds, and most intelligent."

"Dear me, I'm sorry to hear that," said the lieutenant; "they were great friends of mine."

"Bob, I'm really sad to think you're here," said the old man affectionately; the lieutenant was a great favorite of his.

"I'm not unhappy about myself, at all, but the rest," he replied; "it's really unlucky, for I half persuaded them to come, and I feel as if the responsibility falls on me."


"Nonsense, lad, don't look at it in that light," said the old man cheerfully. "The thing is done, and can't be remedied as I see. Perhaps they won't be sick at all, they're fine, florid girls, though for that matter the best of them have it. My women-folks wanted to stay, they're not afraid, bless you; but I packed them off, and glad enough I've been."

"I must go and find the consul," said the lieutenant.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FEVER DOES ITS WORK.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and becking shadows dim,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names."



AS Lucy and Carrie sat together in the magnificent chamber which had been appointed them, and which was fitted up in splendid style, all the appointments being copied from one of the rooms in the palace of the Tuilleries, both girls were silent. Carrie had thrown her hat and scarf aside languidly, both oppressed with a vague terror, of which neither dare whisper to the other, though there was a fixedness in Lucy's face that betokened her knowledge of

events, while Carrie had that restless, nervous expression, which assaults people who feel that some calamity has come of which they are not informed.

"Is it not a beautiful room, Carrie?" at last Lucy said.

"Beautiful," murmured the other.

"What do you think of a turn in the garden? There are walks, Lion says, covered all the way with awnings."

"I should like it," Carrie made reply, with a sigh of weariness, and rose to accompany her cousin.

"How lovely!" she cried, and indeed the sight justified her momentary enthusiasm. The mammoth fruit of the shaddock hung in great golden globes, the scarlet pomegranates flushed along the lines of vivid green that circled the garden walks; the rays of the sun, well screened by thick foliage, laid so softly and purely on the white marble flags of the pavement. On every hand were small grottoes of minute shells, some built like obelisks, some like temples.

"It is more like paradise than anything I ever imagined," said Carrie, after a short stroll, "but some way it fatigues me. Isn't it all curious, Lucy?"

"Isn't what curious—that we should be in Barbadoes?"

"No, but everything is so unnatural. Even Robert and Lionel grew unnatural at the last, and it was so odd, Lion's insisting that I should take that sup of brandy and water, because the old Barbadian said we ought, and I do hate it!"

"Well—" Lucy never was very fertile at expedients.

"You, too, are just as much changed as the rest!" cried Carrie, pettishly. "I wish I was at home; I wish we had never come. Oh! if aunty were only here!" and for the second time she began to weep.

"Oh, Carrie! pray don't give way to your feelings in this manner, it will distress Lionel so."

"Yes, it's always Lionel now; you don't love me as well as you did," sobbed Carrie, almost hysterically.

"Oh, my darling! don't think that. Here comes Lionel and the lieutenant."

"They sha'n't see me!" cried Carrie, and springing up in her tear-blindness, she ran straight into Lionel's arms.

"Why, Carrie, my darling," he said, greatly shocked; "you are not ill—I am afraid you are."

"No, no, Lion," sobbed poor Carrie, her face hidden on his shoulder; "only so—so nervous, and—and silly, I suppose. I think if I could drive out, perhaps, as we used, it might make me happier. Oh, Lion! why didn't we take aunty?"

"Why, indeed?" queried Lionel, half to himself.

"Not that we really needed her, I suppose, but I am so used to her; she seems almost like a mother, especially when I am so weak and foolish. There, I'll try and behave better; but I can't think what has come over every body and everything."

"This fretting and anxiety will do more harm than the truth," whispered the lieutenant, to which Lionel responded with a glance of assent.

"Do you think you are brave enough to hear the worst?" asked the latter.

She glanced up with a look of affright, then said, quietly,

"What can it be?—you are all with me," she paused a moment; memory went back to the deserted wharves and streets, the dearth of inhabitants.

"There is some dreadful sickness here," she said, in a low breath; "every body has gone away—it means that."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, "it means that we have come at an unfortunate time, and find ourselves cribbed, cabined, and confined. We can't get away, but, I think, with courage, we can keep the fever off."

"Is it a fever?"

"Yes."

"And are many dying with it?"

"It has abated somewhat, I believe," said the lieutenant; "many have died."

"And you knew it, Lucy?"

"I have known it since we came into port," was the reply.

"And you never told me; I think it's unkind. I am not a child," she cried, some passion in her voice.

"Dearest Carrie, we did it for the best," said Lucy, catching her hand, and then she had the key to all Carrie's petulance and weakness. That small white hand in her palm was burning hot, and every little fibre and pulse ticked and throbbed with the impetuous leap of fever. It had shown its signals nowhere else.

"Carrie, dear, don't blame me; we all loved you so; hated to distress you. Suppose we go in, and you try to sleep."

"Ah! now you think I'm sick, as well as a child," was Carrie's response. "No, I'm not going to be cossetted; I'm as well and brave as you are, either of you. Lieutenant Weiss is there a piano in the house? I'm wonderfully hungry for music just now; come, I'll set you all to dancing. Nothing like gay spirits, you know, and I'm determined not to lose mine. They've all come back to me."

The lieutenant said there was a piano, and went in a happier mood to get the key. Carrie danced

along quite wild and gay in her fancied security. Only Lucy gave one look toward Lionel, which made him uneasy. They all went, however, to the great dining-room, whose rosewood, mahogany gilding, and silken draperies were swathed in sombre brown holland, and the lieutenant opened a magnificent board, upon which Carrie immediately commenced. Her fingers flew over the keys, evoking more brilliant melodies than that silent room had ever heard, for the piano was more for ornament than use.

"Come, dance, why don't you dance?" she cried, with blazing eyes, and the lieutenant, frightened at her vehemence, actually sprang up on the floor, and held out his hands to Lucy, who, for the first time, losing her self-possession, burst into tears.

"We're all getting so miserably dull and nervous," said Carrie, pettishly, getting up from the piano. "Lion, what shall we do to keep us from ennui? It's horribly dull here, and—and I *won't* confess I have a headache," she laughed.

"Have you a headache?" asked Lionel, anxiously.

"Yes, every few moments it comes so sharp," moaned poor Carrie, her excitement gradually oozing out.

"Shall we go up-stairs?" asked Lucy, gathering all her energies for the trial she foresaw.

Carrie sat white and still on the piano-forte stool, her hands clasped, one over the other, looking listlessly forward.

"What can you do, my poor child?" asked Lionel, looking in admiration at Lucy's determined face.

"I can do my duty," she replied, in a low voice; "if we need help God will send it, never fear."

"You're a brave, good, dear girl," said Lionel. "God help us all."

"He will help us," said Lucy, steadily; then added, as she looked at him, earnestly, "if we ask Him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A NEW COMER.

If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye ;
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From the innermost shrine came the light of her feelings.



EARLY the next morning, despite the old Barbadian's advice, Lionel and the lieutenant walked down to the wharf. Only those who have seen the rankness and richness of tropical vegetation can understand that even now grass and weeds grew freely in what had been the busiest thoroughfares. The Coolie stores were all closed ; the hotel had all its blinds up and barred. No sound of living creature disturbed the awful silence, save only the birds that now and then twittered as they hopped

from branch to branch. In the distance hung a dun dense cloud through which the dull sun sent opaque gleams of light. Everywhere desolation—everywhere as if a pall, unseen, but dark with hues of vengeance hung over all the beauty of the earth. The ships fell idly up and down with the swelling wave ; or, afar off, reposed like

“A painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.”

“If my eyes don’t deceive me, there’s another vessel lying off, come in in the night, and victimised accordingly,” said the lieutenant. “She has the American flag run up. I’ll lay something that’s Gildersleeve’s vessel.”

“I can soon tell,” said Lionel, and forthwith out with a pocket-glass, such as he used at the consulate.

“The *Erie*,” he said, reading after a moment.

“It is Gildersleeve, upon my word, I’m sorry for him,” he added as he withdrew the glass. “Lucy said he thought of coming this way, and just after his illness, too.”

"Wonder what he thinks of doing?" queried the lieutenant.

"Good morning, gentlemen."

It was the captain of their ship. They shook hands with him with much animation; it was good to see another face.

"And how are you getting along, gentlemen?" he asked with vivacity.

They replied that they were doing very well under existing circumstances.

"Another one of us in limbo, you see," he said, pointing to the vessel, "a Yankee craft. It's a burning shame, too, that they don't send telegraphic vessels, or something of the kind over to the point. Well, this is a desolate place, sure enough, and they tell terrible stories of the sickness."

"Are you not afraid?" asked the lieutenant.

"Not the first time," was the reply, "fear I never knew of foe seen or unseen. Then I don't go to swilling brandy down as most of the poor fellows did who found a grave here. If a good constitution and temperance won't save me,

why then, of course, I'm gone. I must die sometime, as well here as anywhere, I suppose, only I'd prefer my old four-poster in Widow Banks's (that's my mother) front chamber at home. However, heaven's as near from this point as from that, and, as I'm an old sinner saved at the eleventh hour, I mustn't be particular as to how I may be disposed of."

"See, there's a boat coming from Gildersleeve's vessel."

"What!" said the older captain, "is that Gildersleeve's vessel?"

"You know the captain then?"

"Reckon I do. He came to see me in a foreign hospital, and saved me, soul and body, I rather guess, or was the means of doing so. It would be a pity if he had brought his wife. My boat is down here, suppose we pull off? I thought of taking a stroll here, but it's too still; couldn't stand it. Here Jessup."

Jessup was a down-east sailor, who was very much afraid of the plague, and drank strong herb-teas from morning till night, besides wearing a large

pad of camphor on his chest. He responded with alacrity to the call, and soon the party were on their way. The health-officer was just leaving. He looked, if possible, more yellow, more wizzened, more dogmatic than ever, and quietly exchanged civilities, only adding, in a growl, that men were fools to bring their wives along. Presently the three were on deck. It was a clean, well-rigged, well-manned vessel, the *Erie*. The second officer met them and sent them into the cabin after his commander.

Captain Gildersleeve appeared to have recently breakfasted. They surprised him with a shaving-cup in his hand.

"Why, bless me!" he cried, starting, "I'd not the most remote idea of seeing you here, and that makes the health-officer's statement all right. I didn't quite understand what he meant by the consul being here, and the consul being gone ashore. But, indeed, I'm very sorry, too. Hope you are not nervous on account of the sickness. Much depends upon keeping one's self equable. Alice, here are some old friends of mine."

At that moment his wife made her appearance, with outstretched hands, her sweet face aglow with smiles and surprise.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, "and so sorry."

"We should also be sorry on your account, if we did not see that you seem to throw care to the winds," said the lieutenant.

"Not exactly," she replied, a tender seriousness softening her voice; "we throw our care on Him who rules the wind."

At almost any other time the lieutenant would have smiled at an attempt at what he called "talking good," but something in her manner, her look impressed him at the moment with a solemnity that struck to the core of his being.

"And if you are our health-officer's consul, you have ladies with you," said the captain.

"Two," returned Lionel, "my sister and my cousin. I am sorry to say I left Carrie quite indisposed."

"Where is she?" asked Alice, thoughtfully.

"At my uncle's, on the Wellington plantation.

Will you not join us there? you will be entirely welcome. The more the merrier, is the motto at Wellington, especially now."

"We had come to the conclusion to remain on board," said Captain Gildersleeve, with an anxious look at his wife. "There seems to be no wisdom in running risks."

"Chances about even," said the old captain, by way of consolation.

"But, my dear," spoke up Alice, "Mr. Irving says his sister is ill. That ought to alter the case. Who is her attendant? The black women on those plantations are very skillful nurses, they say."

"She has no nurse, Mrs. Gildersleeve; the women of my uncle's family are all up country, and they have taken the best of the plantation hands with them. Others have died."

"Who will take care of her, then?"

"There is only her cousin, and she's not over strong."

"Bad case, I should say," remarked the old captain, who stood leaning against a state-room door.

"If you have no objection," said Alice, turning to her husband, "I think I'll go up."

"And when you say you think you'll go up," he returned, with a smile, "*I think* I know what it means. If you wish, of course. You can certainly do some good."

"Always a way where there's a will," remarked the old captain, sententiously.

"Then I'm going to get my bonnet. You will know where to find me. I can't stay here when the friends of my dear Mrs. Littlejohn are in danger. I know just what Mrs. Littlejohn would do," and away she went.

Alice had not altered much. Her face was as youthful, fresh, and blooming as, when five years before, she embarked with her husband for their first trip. Time could scarcely change a face like hers. Silver might whiten her locks, care steal some of the freshness from the eye, or grave lines upon the brow, but the immortal freshness of the countenance, born of a soul fragrant with good works, that nothing could change.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME CONSOLATION.

"The truly brave

When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield or save."



“All ready,” said Alice, appearing shawled and bonneted. “De Witt, you will come over soon, won’t you? It will be pleasanter to be with your friends. I’m so glad,” she added, as they sat in the boat, “that we met you, for his sake. Solitude is not good at a time like this.”

“Do you feel no fear?” asked the lieutenant, looking at her with hearty admiration.

Alice shook her head. Unconsciously her eyes lifted toward heaven, and he knew where her

strength came from. Still he was not prepared to like pious people, particularly those, who, like Alice, had, even without effort, made a reputation; for the sweet Christian woman was known wherever her husband sailed, for her quiet, unobtrusive works and sacrifices in the cause of her Master. He looked at her as she sat there, not grim, erect, strong-minded; not drooping, long-faced and ascetic, but with a marvellous grace and content, infused in face, voice, and manner; as quiet and unconstrained, going, perhaps, to her death, as he had seen many a woman preparing for the dance or the festival.

The row across to the shore was a silent one. Lionel felt a vague fear that Carrie had caught the infection, and blamed himself that he had brought her from the blessings and securities of home. The lieutenant puzzled himself in trying to study the new face before him, sitting so calmly and unconcerned.

"It does, indeed, look very desolate on shore," she said, as they neared the wharf. "I never knew it so still; it is a quiet that chills me."

"The fruit is rotting on the ground," said Lionel; "it is a melancholy sight—but upon my word I had forgotten. We have invited you to a plantation half a mile from the hotel, and there is no conveyance."

"Oh! I shall not mind that walk," said Alice, "that is, perhaps," she added, smiling.

"I would not have you walk it for the world," Lionel responded quickly; "we were crazy not to provide something. What's to be done?" and he turned to the lieutenant.

"If Mrs. Gildersleeve will deign to go in a very humble vehicle, I think she can be accommodated," said the lieutenant, the old twinkle laughing out of his eye.

"Why, in what manner?" asked the consul.

"There's an old hand-barrow down here, and just this minute I espied a hale, hearty African, looking from the window of that shanty adjoining the barber's shop. Now, suppose he consents, we could get along very comfortably, for, fortunately, there are three umbrellas, one of which Mrs. Gildersleeve could carry."

"I am quite willing," she said; "the sun is getting too hot for all of us. I am afraid if you are not accustomed to the climate, you will both suffer."

"No fear for me," said the lieutenant, as he set off; "I'm a born Indian." Presently he came back.

"I have done better than I thought," he said; "found an old horse and cart. We struck a bargain with black Jake, and here comes the equipage in which we can all go in state, and be thankful at the end of the journey if we get there with whole bones."

It was a slow and tedious drive to the plantation. Lucy stood in the portico, grieved and anxious. Lionel hastened toward her.

"Is Carrie any worse?" he asked in terror.

"Carrie is very sick," was the reply. "The old gentleman went up the country for a doctor, and he was here just now."

"Does he think there is danger?" asked Lionel.

"He says that not one in seventy recover that are taken as she was."

Lionel groaned. His merry, petted sister, the legacy of his dying mother. Oh! how unavailing all his longings, his wishes! The pretty, bright-eyed thing would die; far away from home and kindred, sick of pestilential disease. Oh! it was too dreadful! As they talked they had turned into the gallery. There Alice met them, Lionel had outrun her.

"This is Alice, you remember, Mrs. Littlejohn's friend?"

"Indeed I do remember; you cannot tell how glad I am to see you," said Lucy.

"I have come to help you take care of your sick," said Alice. "You look wearied, where shall I find Carrie?"

"I will go with you," and Lucy hurried up the stairs. Together they entered the room; its splendor mocked the senses, but beguiled not the weary, fragile creature who laid with glittering eyes on the great canopied bed. Alice went toward her.

"Carrie, do you know me, my dear?" she asked, laying aside her light wrappings.

"I want to go home—I don't want to die now. I never have thought of dying, and I can't die till I am better."

"Just as I am, without one plea—
Save that my Saviour died for me,"

whispered Alice, and the poor child, though delirious, ceased her cries, listened and smiled. Then putting up her burning hands, she pressed them fondly either side of the face that bent so tenderly above her.

"I think I know you," she said.

"I am Alice, Mrs. Littlejohn's friend."

"And you have come to save me?"

"God grant me power to do you good," said Alice.

"You have calmed her already," whispered Lucy.

"The right kind of nursing alone can save her," said Alice.

"You don't know how awful life has seemed to me since last night," Lucy responded, seeing that Carrie turned her head, quietly, as if seeking sleep.

"Why awful?"

"It is such a tissue of opportunities that we lose or neglect. I feel like one who has had rich treasure and carelessly squandered it. Somehow, I have always wanted to be earnest, always longed to do good, but I have been so inert. Now, that it is too late, I can see the path I might have taken barred up by obstacles that I may never be able to surmount."

"Too late! and why?" said Alice.

"Because, if I take the fever, and there is every probability that I shall, I shall die."

"And if you die?" pursued Alice, with calmness.

"Oh! it seems an awful, a fearful thing to die," shuddered Lucy. "To die—I cannot conceive of anything so fraught with horror. What is it that goes from us? where does it go? If you knew how these thoughts frighten me, you would pity me. What shall I do?"

"You must do what I did when that fearful affliction overwhelmed me. I went to God; I prayed to my Saviour, and He answered me."

"I have prayed all my life," said Lucy, wearily; "but what does it avail me now? Oh! I feel so strangely far away, as if God had never seen or known me."

"Is not that dishonoring God?"

"How?"

"He has told you that He cares for the little sparrows—poor, unreasoning, fragile things though they are, not one of them falls to the ground without my Father's notice. Are you not worth more than many sparrows? And is not even His sending this affliction an evidence that He loves you, and would have you turn to Him?"

"I wish I could think so," sighed Lucy; "but I grow so bewildered. I reflect upon hundreds, upon hundreds who have died of this terrible fever, and it troubles me to think of *their* future."

"Dishonoring God again."

"Oh! don't tell me that. I have sins enough beside to answer for."

"But if God cares for the little sparrow what follows."

Lucy was silent.

"You are not willing to trust your heavenly Father. Oh! learn this sweet lesson of trust. He will take care of everything He has made. You have no right to question, doubt, or dispose of one human soul. All souls are God's, and it is not our business or our care to take charge of their immortal welfare, save in the manner we are told in the word of God."

"You have found that blessing then."

"Of trust? So surely that I am ready to say with the apostle, that nothing can separate me from the love of Christ. Nothing. I would brave any peril that laid in my path of duty, strong in the faith of Christ. And yet it is not I, but Christ who dwelleth in me. You must find the precious Saviour as near to your heart as I do, and then I don't think you will take thought for the future, no, not even so much as by a day."

"But how shall I find it?"

"By simply asking for it as earnestly as you want it, and expecting that if I or your best friend would grant you a reasonable request, surely the Father would not deny you.

"I ought to believe it," said Lucy, tearfully; "what is the reason I cannot?"

"Only because you will not, dear Lucy. Now you had better go and lie down; you need rest, and you can think it over. Only don't doubt the power of the Redeemer of the world to save you. Go to Him as if you were a little child who knows if it asks for bread, of a loving and indulgent parent, it will not be denied."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

"We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it, whilst we live in this world, we shall have it, though with intermissions, that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil."

STERNE.



HE lieutenant and Lionel sat together in the room set apart for them. The old host had been with them, and the odor from his huge pipe still filled the apartment. Lionel lounged in moody silence inspecting a large map of the world, that hung between the windows, over each of which a net-curtain was ingeniously arranged to keep out insects. The room was furnished with a side-board, on which stood several decanters, wine-glasses, pitchers, and bottles in cases that seemed covered with frosted silver. The inevitable

matting and cane-seats adorned the floor and sides of the room, one old lumbering sofa and an immense centre-table divided the honors. The room was very large, cool and pleasant, but the faces of the two men were troubled.

"That's an interesting map," said the lieutenant, "particularly the shoulder of mutton parts." Then abruptly pausing he gazed on the floor a moment, and exclaimed, "Lionel, I shall go, heaven knows where—if—if—" his lips quivered. The word was not spoken, but it vibrated on two warm, living hearts.

"The old man thinks the disease is too far spent to go hard with her;" Lionel said, hoarsely.

"Since I spoke with you that night;" the other replied, "I have not touched liquor—now the impulse is strong upon me to drink and drown my care."

"As if that would really touch the care, or help the case at all," returned the consul. "You are not so weak as that—I'll not believe it."

The young man took two or three turns about the room, then seated himself again.

"I feel unaccountably nervous to-night," he said. "I have thought more of home in ten minutes than ever I did hours before. It is very strange, but even on the battle-field, wounded, surrounded by the dead and the dying, I was in better spirits than I am to-night."

"You out of spirits!" Lionel smiled, but relapsed into sudden gravity.

"I know it's ridiculous, but I can't shake it off. I have a mother at home, a sister, and brothers; its particularly hard to die away from them all."

"Nonsense—don't talk about dying."

"It is not my way, you know, but, as I told you, I'm out of sorts. I have written a letter, you understand. It is sealed, directed, and stamped, to be sent to America, to the city of Boston, if anything happens. You, old boy, have little need to send. All you love are here;" his voice faltered. "Will you see to it if you are spared?"

"I certainly will," and their hands met. "But let us hope for the best. You to recover

yourself nobly and become my best brother; let's think of that."

"And she up there, dying!" exclaimed the lieutenant, bitterly.

"Let us trust not so bad as that," said Lion, a quiver running through the fine even tones of his voice. "She is in good hands."

"Aye! but this fever never spares," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, yes it does! If good nurses could be found, or would remain, it would reduce the mortality one-half, so say our best physicians; and Carrie is in good hands. God bless that captain's noble wife!"

"Has she ever passed through an experience similar to this?"

"Oh, yes! in the hospital at St. —, people were dying like rotten sheep, as the saying is, and she was through it all. The doctors there said she deserved a statue in gold for saving so many lives. Ah! her statue is wrought in something far more enduring than gold or marble. She's an incomparable woman."

"Very religious, isn't she?"

"A Christian in the very highest sense of the word."

"Which means?" queried the lieutenant.

"All that the word can express; and that is a great deal. She is a living exponent of the golden rule. Does that make it plainer?"

"You and I would fall far short, eh?"

"I fear so," said Lionel, softly.

"I always thought I was a good enough Christian," said the lieutenant, "till, well—till lately. I don't mind confessing that I've got over that notion, and if I could take any lessons in the way to grow good, I certainly would."

He spoke in his old jesting way, but there were tears in his eyes.

"The life of the world is not satisfying after all, and I've said so to myself a thousand times. I'm sure I have had a thorough test, if any man ever had. My father died a millionaire and I was heir to more than two-thirds of his property, which has kept on producing and increasing. I never knew what it was to have an earthly wish ungrati-

fied. True, I have striven to be honorable in all my dealings, and generous to those who had nothing, comparatively, to my good fortune. I have given away thousands; but then the question comes up, have I done it out of an excess of spasmodic generosity, or from a deep-seated principle that ought to have regulated my giving? True, I have eased many a heart, and soothed, I hope, some sorrow; but on my part it was the merest froth and bubble of feeling. After all, what are we? In such a time as this, doesn't the question come home with peculiar force?"

"This is a serious strain of conversation," said Lionel, "but it suits us both, or ought to." At that moment a figure came stealing down the stairs. He started to his feet, ran from the room, and arrested the fugitive.

"Lucy! Lucy! you should be at rest. You must not go out, the air is damp."

"Oh, Lion!" she said, looking ready to burst into tears, "do let me; the heat is so terrible upstairs—and—I cannot rest."

"One word, dear Lucy, are you ill?" and he

looked searchingly in her eyes, the earnest eyes so troubled now.

"Let me go, *do* let me go," she murmured.

"Not till you answer me. Lucy, you are not well. I feel the fever-heat in your hand."

"It—it is nothing but a headache; it will go if I can only get the fresh air."

"My dear child, I see how it is; go up-stairs again. Speak to Mrs. Gildersleeve, and I will send immediately for the doctor. If Carrie had not kept the truth from us so long, she might have been saved," he groaned.

"Carrie will not die!" cried Lucy, wildly; "they have not given up hope."

"No, my dear," said a sweet, soothing voice; Carrie is sleeping very calmly now, and sleep is a great restorer in these fevers. Come, you are troubled and trembling. Let us go up-stairs, and you shall try and compose yourself."

"Will you go with me?" asked Lucy, faintly.

"Certainly, and stay right by your side. I only came down to report progress to Mr. Irving. I thought how anxious he must be."

"Oh! I am so perplexed, so worried, so terrified; like one groping in the dark in the midst of venomous insects and pitfalls, I know not where to turn. Is my mind growing confused, do you think?"

"Just cast every care upon Christ," whispered Alice, "now, this minute. Have you?"

"I tried to," Lucy returned.

Lucy sat up in bed. She peered round the chamber like one fearful of seeing some terrible sight.

"If I *should* die," she said irresolutely, "poor Lion!—but then he has his sister Oh! God, spare her—God spare poor Carrie!"

"Amen," said a deep voice. Lionel had come in to ascertain Carrie's health for himself.

"Oh! Lion, go down; don't come near us, you will get the fever."

"I am not afraid of the fever," he said.

"I am not very sick; I think it is my mind, it is so dull, you know, it tires me to think," and she sank off into a dreamy stupor, in which Lionel left her, ah! weary-hearted, only to

find the lieutenant more moody than before, suffering, as he expressed it, sharp spasms of pain.

It was inexpressibly delightful to hear a new, yet familiar, voice on the piazza. Another moment Captain Gildersleeve was beside them.

"What a delightful place!" he said, with a joyous air that heartened them up.

"You bring us sunshine," returned the lieutenant.

"You had better have candles," responded the captain. "See, I was foolish enough to take my medicine-chest, I'm something of a doctor, you must know. Most captains who care for the welfare of their men, are anxious to study medicine more or less. But, come, as I said, you ought to have candles. Half a dozen—light up the old candlesticks. What were candles made for but to cheer the heart of man?"

Lionel got up and lighted three of the six tapers.

"I see *you* have no fear of this scourge," said the lieutenant, who sat white and motionless.

"Why, no, why should I? I've a clear conscience toward God and man. I've settled my account with heaven by enlisting under the banner of a royal king. I don't think much of the world, save that, with God's help, a man can learn how to do his duty in it, and to get ready for the kingdom to come. What should frighten me, then? Don't I know every time my vessel's keel starts from home, that there's nothing between me and eternity for thousands of miles, but a plank that's rotten, perhaps, or unseaworthy in some way? I should be foolish, indeed, to put my faith in a foundation like that. No, no, the true sailor feels that if he is faithful, he will reach either the port he turns to, or a fairer port in the land of glory. A poor wretch, indeed, is that man who has no faith, no hopes beyond those of earth."

"I must say I wish I had the faith and the hope," said Lionel.

"To put it in the simplest form," said the captain, quietly, wheeling round a large easy chair, "suppose you were starving, and some kind friend held

toward you a loaf of bread. What would you do?"

"Take it, of course."

"Very well, there's the whole thing in a nutshell. I can think of nothing that describes it so exactly. Your soul is starving for that food of heaven, which you have denied it so many years. God holds out the bread of life. Whose fault is it if you do not eat and be filled?"

"What! sinner as I am?"

"He came not to call the righteous."

"Ah! I can't get away from you, it is my own wilfulness," said Lionel smiling.

"I do most earnestly repent," he said, a moment after. "I do throw myself upon his mercy. God forbid that I wait till I come to a dying bed."

"Amen!" said the captain, heartily. "Suppose we pray over it."

They threw themselves on their knees, the proper posture of erring men, before their Maker, and Captain Gildersleeve prayed heartily and seriously. All arose, save the lieutenant. Lionel went anxiously toward him. He had fainted as he knelt.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD AUNTY HEARS THE NEWS.

" Her pure thought were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted then on angel's wings through ways
Of light to the bright Source of all."



AUNTY, meanwhile, left in charge of the consulate, where Tom was seen only at his meals, enjoyed herself remarkably. All the colored people in the vicinity had found out that aunty had gifts and powers of no ordinary kind. She had established a prayer-meeting in what had been "the quarters" of that house, which was attended by scores of zealous worshippers. Reform was going on in good earnest, under her auspices. She was in her glory, and yet bore all

her honors with humility, even to the putting on of a plain gray 'kerchief in the place of the gay colors in which her heart delighted. At first, she had been highly indignant because Lionel had left her at home. She was always in fear of the fever, and imagined no one could care for the "chillen" as she could. And, in a certain sense, that was true. They had been left in her charge almost since their infancy; she was thoroughly posted up in all the little minutiae of their common ills; she had made their whims and wishes her study, she knew what they could bear, and always had helped them through without a doctor, she said.

"Laws, honey," she would say, "doctors laughs at you, sometimes, they does; though they likes to pocket your money. They gives you stuff with hard names dat prehaps grows right under your nose in de garden." Aunty was half right, and, what was better, she was a born nurse, and had "brought her chillen through many a spell." Tom was now her sole care, and the young man, unlike the girls, often rebelled.

"'Clar, Tom, yer eyes 'gin to look yellor," she

had said, day after day. "Jest put down dem ar books, an' rest a spell. By the time they gits home, you'll be sick, honey." But Tom was in love with his new studies and snuggery, and decidedly opposed to medicine.

"Rather strange," said Tom, one morning to his friend, "that we get no letters from Barbadoes."

"I heard from Barbadoes this morning," said the other, his back toward his friend, for he was lifting and replacing books.

"What! poor Lion?" asked Tom, starting up.

"Oh, no! I wish it had been. The fact is, I've known it a day or two, and there's no use in keeping the knowledge from you any longer. They've got the plague in Barbadoes."

Tom changed color. His strength seemed to forsake him, and he sank nerveless on a chair.

"Got the plague," he muttered, dreamily.

"Yes, and allow no one to return. I have no doubt your brother has taken every precaution and is perfectly safe; put out to sea, perhaps, and that is the reason you get no letter."

"Why have *I* not heard this before?" asked Tom

"Because your friends did not like to alarm you; but I am opposed on principle to holding back the truth, you know that."

"Yes, I know," said Tom, in a mazed way, moving about dreamily. "There's no chance for a fellow to get there, I suppose."

"Why, you wouldn't run into danger, would you? You could do them no good."

"But I could help them, some way; I could at least nurse them. Oh! poor Lion! and my sister Carrie, the delicate creature she is, scarcely more than a child."

"Then it will go lighter with her," said his friend, "but make yourself easy, for I assure you there is nothing here from a brig to a fishing-smack that would run the risk. You must trust to Providence and be patient."

"Plague take your cool Scotch phlegm," muttered Tom, walking back and forth hastily. "I say, have you a sister?"

"No," was the composed reply, "I have no

relations, that I know of, except the old aunt I live with."

"Then you don't know anything about it," said Tom.

"About what?"

"How I feel to have brother, sister, and cousin—Lucy seems like a sister, though—in such deadly peril."

"But I can give you a brotherly sympathy."

"I'd rather have old aunty's," said Tom, bluntly, and the ungrateful boy took up his hat and hurried off.

Aunty met him with a dubious face.

"'Pears to me somethin's goin' wrong, chile," she said, "and I was jest hoping you'd come home. I dreamed 'bout my chillen, and, when I does dream dem kind o' dreams, tain't for nothing. For the Lord speaks about we shall see visions and dream dreams. Has you heard from 'em?"

"Yes," said Tom, with downcast look.

"And whar's the letter, chile; read it to old aunty. God bless the chillen!"

"There's no letter, aunty.

"No letter, an' news? den—den it's bad news. I's sure of it, don't speak, chile, I's sure of it," and she sank trembling into the nearest seat.

"Yes, it is bad; they've got the plague down there—awful."

Aunty gazed aghast, her black face assumed a curious ashy hue; she folded her apron over and over in the minutest wrinkles, and sat as if turned into stone.

"The plague," at length her nerveless lips repeated. "Dear Lord! an' they hasn't had it afore for twenty years. Tom what are you stannin' dar for? Don't you see I'm gwine away this minute," she cried, with sudden energy, letting the twisted apron fall, "don't you see I'm going to do up a change and be off? What dey gwine to do 'thout me?"

"No use, aunty," said Tom, stolidly, "I'd be off too, if I could, but you won't find a soul, man or boy, will be willing to take you—no, not for any amount of money. They're frightfully afraid of it."

"Blessed Master, must my chillen die 'thout nobody to close their eyes? I'll go straight down to the wharves an' see. I'd give a hundred dollars, 'deed I would, an' I's got it, too."

No sooner said than done, aunty was off in the hot morning. Wearily, at noon, she came back. She took off her shawl with sad reluctance, she shook her head as she met Tom's glance of inquiry. Her lip quivered.

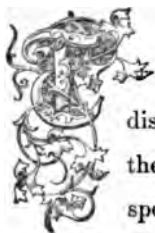
"Can't do nothin' for 'em now," she said, mournfully. "Yes I can too," she added, a moment after, with renewed energy; "I ken jest go up to de Lord and pray for 'em. Day and night will I pray to my blessed Lord an' Marster," she said solemnly, the light of faith illuminating her aged eye.

Aunty's faith that prayer would be answered, was as firm as her belief in the existence of a God, and therefore she went to him unwavering, no doubt disturbing the clear firmament of her belief.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"I feel death rising higher still and higher
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass;
And like the vanishing sound of bells grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air."



THE girls struggled on. Lucy's vigorous constitution battled with the disease; but Carrie seemed spent with the effort, and laid wan, and white, and speechless.

If she could only be roused, the doctor said, quickened to either mental or physical effort, she might recover. Alice hovered like some gentle ministering angel, from bed to bed, striving to infuse strength into Carrie's languor, and subdue

the impetuosity of the flame raging in Lucy's veins.

Captain Gildersleeve had also taken his post by the sick-bed of the young lieutenant, and Lionel, who had suffered only with a slight attack, sat up like a shadow, propped by pillows, in an easy chair.

"How is he to-day, captain?" asked the consul.

"Pretty weak," was the low reply.

"Do you think he will die?"

"His fate is in the hands of God."

The consul sank back, and his haggard face brightened. Before, he had been a man of good aims and impulses, now he was a soldier of Christ. And oh! the peace that filled his heart, flowing like a river, as he thought that, heretofore, it had been weary work and trouble caring for himself; now he had thrown all upon Christ, and it was sweet to be so cared for. He could even leave his friend, who had become exceedingly dear, in His hands, and feel that whether the issue was life or death, it was well.

"The air is strangely sultry," said the captain,

going toward the window, and breaking a flower from the fragrant acacia-tree that grew near; "if we might only have a shower, it would possibly save our sick."

A strange silence brooded over the whole face of nature. The sky was brilliantly blue, yet at the same time it was that thick opaque brightness that wearies one to look at, more like muddy water reflecting the blue of the heavens. No air stirred the palms, their great leaves hung dusky and motionless. Afar off the water ran reddish in hue, and with untroubled surface. Here and there a vessel laid like a dead thing against the monotonous background. The air was full of a brooding sorrow that expressed itself now and then in a low droning hum. The birds neither flitted or sung.

"Oh, for a few drops!" cried the captain, anxiously, thrusting his hand out, "how it would refresh us. I firmly believe that the cooling air of a shower would revive our drooping human plants, and give us hope."

"But this is far enough from the rainy season," said Lionel.

"That is true; it seldom rains at this time; but God may be merciful to us and give it out of season. How very sultry it is! No wonder our poor sick man pants for breath."

"Mother," came in a low whisper from the bed.

"He dreams, poor boy!" said the consul, slowly moving toward the bed.

"Again, mother, put your hand on my temples; oh, how soft! how cool! I dreamed I was in a desert, and prayed for the love of Christ that some one would give me water; and then dark faces mocked me. Oh, mother, sweet! kiss me again, and send—send the children away—I want to sleep."

The tears welled up to Lionel's eyes. He bent over and kissed the dreamer, over whose pale face flitted a smile of ecstasy.

The old servant came in with water and towels.

"Massa," he said, bowing, as was his wont, "fifteen years ago I see him coming as I see him now."

"What do you mean?" asked the consul.

"Why, in the sky, the sun, the moon, eberything! He comes slow, but the Lord hab mercy on our sick if it be he. I means de tornado, marster."

"What! you don't think there is going to be one?"

"Ole massa gibben orders to have all de oder side closed up, an' storm-shutters put on, so I 'spect, unfortunately, that's so."

"And the tornadoes are terrible in this part of the world."

"You may say so," returned the negro, busying himself in putting the room to rights, making Lion's bed, and being agreeable. "I was here the last one, and a young man I were, then, thirty year ago, nighly. 'Deed, marster, it were awful, never shall forgit it. Stripped whole plantations, killed my little brother, he were a small pickanin then, and threw my old marster forty feet, like to kill him sure. Den de houses an' de trees dey flew together, and seems if de judgment day had come."

A small figure glided in. Captain Gildersleeve was at her side in a moment.

"The heat is very oppressive in our room," said Alice. "I came down to see if I could get a breath of air. And—and, some way I don't like to look at Carrie," she added with a sob-like gasp. "I think—I fear she—may be dying."

"My poor little wife getting nervous at last, and no wonder with such a continued strain upon her sympathy," said the captain. "Come, come, we must still be cheerful, or shall I insist upon your taking rest and leave my patient with the consul."

"Oh! no, no—it is only the oppression of the atmosphere, and a foolish fear, of what, I can't tell. I don't often get in this state, you know."

"Indeed, you do not, my darling."

"And I have thought Carrie dying, several times."

"Yes; but let me go up and see for myself."

Lionel, always ready to take alarm, did not seem now to augur ill, seeing the husband and wife in consultation. It may be his faith extended to minor matters, and he felt sure that when there was real danger he should be informed.

Meantime, the sullen, brooding heat grew more and more oppressive. A low wind wailed through the branches, but it was warm, and brought no refreshment. Lionel sat at the window, and saw the far off blue of the sky gradually change into a greenish, coppery tint, while clouds, like coiled serpents, came undulating from the dark distance, and the water beyond began to ripple and toss. First the boats rocked, then the ships lay to in the swell, and righted themselves sullenly.

"There certainly is a terrible storm at hand," whispered Lionel to himself. "They say thunder is not often heard here, but if that low booming sound is not thunder, what is it?"

The growl of the elements continued, low and monotonously, never increasing in volume, always even, and low, and wolfish. Presently the hot wind came in with fitful gusts that seemed icy one moment and burning the next. The palms began to dip and bend their stately crowns as if the blast had them by the neck and they succumbed in spite of their pride.

An eventful trip it had been for Lionel, and

it was fortunate they had not started a week sooner, when the pestilence was at its height. Nothing could have saved them then. Now there were small signs of returning health. Two or three little shops were opened; the milk-bearers began to come in from the country, and small loaded wagons. Three or four families had returned, and as Lionel still sat there, the door was thrown open, and a beautiful girl stood at the entrance. She was tall and healthful; a soft, peachy bloom suffused her cheeks, her age might have been sixteen or seventeen. With a quick, astonished glance, she surveyed the apartment and its occupants, then walked straight to the bed.

"My cousin Robert!" she exclaimed, in momentary alarm. "How came he here, and ill?"

Lionel came forward. She still gazed incredulous.

"I do not understand," she said, with almost childish impetuosity. "Papa never wrote that there were strangers here, and here I find poor Bob, who certainly looks as if he were very near death."

"Lieutenant Weiss came down with us on a pleasure-trip," said Lionel; "you see how it has resulted. Two are ill up-stairs. I have but just recovered, and about his mending we are as yet quite uncertain, though we hope for the best."

"Oh, I am so sorry for you; you are Mr. Irving. You were here a few months ago, before I came from England. Cousin Bob spoke of you in his letters. Why, this is really unfortunate! I'm glad I came. Do you know, I stole off? Jessie, she's my oldest sister, will be frightened to death when she knows, poor thing! She always is frightened. If it hadn't been for her, poor papa would not have been left alone, as he should not have been. Where is papa, I wonder? Do you know we are going to have a shower?"

"Dubious shower," muttered Lionel. "I really wonder you dared to come," he said.

"Why! I'm not afraid. I have been where infectious diseases raged, and never caught them. I'm like papa, tough and well-seasoned, I think. But excuse me, I must go and find him."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TORNADO AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"The sky grew darker. Soon came booming on
The deep-voiced thunder, whilst at distance rolled
The wild winds, dirge-like, and yet tempest tone:
And lightnings' evanescent sheet of gold
Burst in their anger from the clouds' huge fold."



HE captain came down-stairs with an anxious face. He did not wish to agitate his friend in his weak state; he did not wish either to keep the truth from him, if Carrie's stupor was indeed preceding death. Lucy, he felt more hopeful for. The worst in her case seemed past, and he told Lionel so.

"And Carrie?" asked the latter.

"Carrie is still very ill," he said, gravely.

Lionel steadied his voice as he replied, "God's will be done."

"I am glad to see you take it so calmly," said the captain; "hark! what is that?"

Almost as he spoke a swift, rustling wind swept through the great room, dashing clouds of dust and eddying particles against every obstruction, taking off dead twigs, and hurling them hither and thither. At the same instant a heavy darkness settled down on all the landscape, and the sea moaned in the distance.

"This is frightful," said Lionel, while forthwith was heard the slamming of shutters all over the house. The captain said nothing, but proceeded to light candles, placing them under large glass globes prepared as safeguards against the wind.

Fierce grew the tempest, nor lulled at all. Lionel left the lieutenant in the captain's charge, and hurried up-stairs. Alice was groping blindly for lights. The room was full of suffocating dust. In a moment, producing a match, he assisted her as well as he was able. Carrie's bed being near the

window was covered with the debris of twigs, straw, leaves, and dirt. In the midst of all, her pale face was upturned, wearing the same passionless expression that had made it so painful to look upon for hours past.

"Don't be at all alarmed about us," said Alice, in a steady voice; "we are warned now of what we may expect, and can have plenty of light. Half-past three!" she exclaimed, turning to the little clock, "I felt as if night had come with that sudden rush of darkness. It will be terrible for the vessels," she added. "What a providence that we are here!" The old steward came in to put up the storm-shutters, mouldy and slimy with long disuse.

"Dis is on'y de fust part of it," he said, excitedly. "I'se 'fraid de whole house be down 'fore morning!"

"You are a poor comforter," Lionel said.

"'Cause I'se seen it afore, myself, and knows what de danger is; but then mebbe 'twill pass over."

"Lion, is that you?" said Lucy, feebly.

"Yes, dear, it is I," and he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"They tell me I am better," she whispered.

"Yes, my own; you will get well, with God's blessing"

"Did it thunder just now?"

"Somewhat."

"It don't trouble me," she replied, in the same faint voice. "Oh, Lion! God has been good in sparing me, but better than that, he has given me a heart to love him."

"We will both give thanks for that blessing," he said, as she looked up in joyful surprise. When sudden as the lightning's flash, came another gust that broke in the shutters, and the dust, and rain, and showers of shattered branches came swirling through the rooms.

"The house will certainly blow down," cried Alice, "and look! it will be the death of her."

The frightful commotion had roused Carrie into a fitful animation. She threw her arms about wildly; beat off the particles that clung to her lips and eyes, and cried aloud, incoherently and pitifully.

"She must be carried to the centre of the house," said Lionel; "pray heaven that blast may be the last. How awful the silence that succeeds it!" The old servant came in again.

"Marster says it's not safe here till midnight," he exclaimed. "He 'spects nothin' but de ruf 'll come off in two or three more blows like dat last. Ole 'hogany tree's down, mighty big tree dat, biggest on the place; ought'er heerd it come scrushing over eberyting."

"But what in the world shall we do with our sick?" asked Lionel.

"Father thinks they had better be carried to the sugar house in the lull," and the bright young face, and figure of the planter's daughter appeared. "It takes a good deal to frighten me; but I *am* frightened, I confess," she added, after introducing herself to Alice.

"Oh, if I could only walk!" sighed Lucy.

"There's a good hurdle down-stairs; we have used it to carry our sick to the hospital, and two persons could manage it very well. I am strong. I could easily help."

"We must work quickly then," said Lionel; "we can at least get them on the ground-floor before another gust comes. You, boy, bring up the hurdle, and we will make preparations immediately to take them down. They will be safer there."

The hurdle was brought up, pillows and comforts laid thereon; and Carrie, still muttering incoherently, was borne down-stairs, into the great, silent, deserted kitchen, whose doors were made of the most solid wood to be found in Demerara, and studded with heavy iron nails. Next Lucy was conveyed thither, but before they could reach the room of the lieutenant, another sirocco-like blast swept over the house, taking with it the porticoes; breaking in the windows; driving the rain with such force that the sick man was drenched throughout, in spite of the captain's precautions, and almost blown bodily from the bed. It was with great difficulty that they succeeded in supplying him with dry garments in his passive state, or moving him at all, for the storm did not lull as before. On the contrary, short, sharp puffs of wind

continued to inundate them with dust and debris; and the lieutenant, shocked by the sudden shower-bath to which the elements had treated him, began raving incoherently. After an infinite deal of patience, however, the matter was accomplished; Lucy being left while the two, who were weakest, were borne out into the storm. Fortunately, the sugar house was but a moment's walk, though the choked path made it an expedition of more difficulty than might have been expected.

Lucy, left quite alone in this frightful war of elements, struggled bravely for composure. Every moment the storm increased, and the wailing of the wind, mingled hideously with the roar of the swollen river, the crashing of trees, the destruction of timber, and the howl of the thunder. Naturally timid, the scene, but a few short weeks ago, would have frightened her into hysterics, now, she felt awe, and a sense of unquiet, but no fear. God was in the tempest, and whatever he did could work no harm to her. Some way, there seemed to be strong, though unseen influences around her, holding her up. The darkness, made

only more visible by the one light left burning, (for the other two had been rudely overturned,) was as grateful as the day, since her soul was illumined by the light of the gospel. Amid the pauses of the storm, her voice could be heard in sweet petitions to her Heavenly Father, who seemed indeed near and precious. They had been gone but twenty minutes—the hurdle-bearers—to her it appeared hours. Lionel came with them, and Lucy's reproachful face said plainly that he was imprudent.

"No, dear, it is doing me good," he said, answering the look, "besides I could not have rested there one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. I must see you in safety myself, you are too precious now to entrust to the care of strangers and hirelings.

Lucy's smile and blush were eloquent, and answer enough.

"And they are safe, there?"

"As safe as they can be anywhere; no, safer than in almost any place. The sugar-house is low, in a sort of hollow, and well protected from

the fury of the storm by strong out-buildings. Carrie and the lieutenant are both benefitted, I think, by the sudden shock; at least the old Barbadian says so. They were sinking for want of mental stimulants; I think they have both had their share. Carrie asked for you, and the other said he was hungry. If those are not favorable symptoms, I don't know what are."

"You bring me good news," said Lucy. The men were preparing to lift her, when the heaviest blow of all, smote the old house. The blacks fell on their knees in mortal terror. Lionel knelt and shielded Lucy, as fragments came hurled across the room, and a sound like a thousand thunderbolts told that a part of the body of the house, at least, was in ruins. Had the sugar-house stood firm under this awful pressure, Lionel wondered? for the very earth seemed shaken in its foundations. Lucy, very white and quiet, reassured him, and comforted the poor frightened blacks, who seemed to have abandoned all hope.

"Perhaps that was the last, and the worst," she said, "and I need not be moved."

Lionel declared that he would not risk another, and ordered the negroes to their feet. They obeyed with their uncomplaining docility, and in a few minutes were on their way to the sugar-house, which they reached to find the captain and Alice desponding, and fearful that they had been overtaken in the gust.

There they were, huddled together in an open space; the old Barbadian sitting apart and smoking, after his indifferent fashion; his daughter busy over the fire that had been hastily kindled, and Alice kneading a batch of meal she had found on the premises, to be baked in the ashes, and come out a hoe-cake. It was perceivable that both Carrie and the lieutenant were out of danger. The cool breezes of the afternoon, the confusion consequent upon the calamity, and the sudden drenching, had each aided in bringing up the failing powers of nature. There was no sleep for them that night, nor did the frightful storm abate till after midnight, but thanks to a kind Providence, no harm came to them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOME AGAIN.

"I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks."



TEN thousand dollars, out of my pocket, sir," said the old Barbadian, walking up and down the back portico, the only one that had been left uninjured.

"That's a heavy loss," said Lionel, who sat in a straw arm-chair.

"Poh! he'll make it up in less than a year," ejaculated the lieutenant, leaning from the window, inside; a jaunty, crimson dressing-cap on his head, and a nondescript article on his attenuated frame, no other than his cousin's morning gown, altered a little to make him comfortable.

"Six months, perhaps three;" replied the imperturbable West Indian.

"And, papa, just think how much worse it would have been if you had lost me," said his rosy daughter, leaning over his chair and kissing him on the forehead.

The old man took his pipe from between his parchment colored lips, and gave her one look as full of human affection as his face, the color of mahogany, and eyes of no particular color at all, could express.

"What delightful weather we are having!" said Alice. "Hark! some one is shouting. It is De Witt. I am sure he has good news."

"Yes, it is Gildersleeve, sure enough;" said the consul.

"Hurrah! the *Erie* is safe;" he came crying, and waving his hat.

"Oh! thank God!" said Alice fervently.

"Yes, she was driven out to sea, and saved, the mate says, as by a miracle, swinging round after a stormy passage of three days into a snug little cove where they were completely sheltered.

And he did a pretty little bit of trading too," he added, "on my account and his own. I tell you I'm a happy man to-day. I thought we had lost everything. All the earthly wealth I possess was in that *Erie*, a splendid, staunch little vessel she is, too."

"Were there many lost?" asked Alice.

"As far as I can learn, six vessels either went to pieces or were driven off, and have not been heard of. A score were badly damaged, they say."

"How anxious they must be about us at home," whined a small, thin voice.

The lieutenant turned hastily. The most fairylike figure, the most bloodless face followed the voice. It was Carrie, very weak still, and only the shadow of her former self. She was soon triumphantly lifted and placed in the great arm-chair in which Weiss had been lolling.

"Wreck and ruin all round us," she said, smiling, "and we safe. Are all the houses damaged?"

"Not all, some seemed to be out of the line

of the storm which was as fiendish as the swiftest tornado, only it took on a remittent character. Well for us it did not come in one fell swoop as we should have been *nil*—which I think stands for nowhere—if I have not forgotten my Latin.”

“Oh! Robert,” said Carrie, solemnly, “we should have been in heaven I hope.”

“I hope so;” he answered, then added thoughtfully, “I do not think I need to go away to get made over, as I foolishly told you, some weeks ago; God helping me, I’ll lead a different life in the future.”

“Do you know,” said Carrie, softly, “that what has always deterred me from being religious was the fear that I should feel gloomy? Why, what a wonderful difference! I hope I am religious now, and I never was so happy in all my life before. There’s not a particle of gloom in it.”

“I had the same feeling,” said the lieutenant; “but I am like a new man in some things. The most remarkable change is, that my doubts are all gone, and heretofore they have been legion.

Not a conviction of the importance of attending to the welfare of my soul assailed me, before it would be met by some cogent, forceful reason why it should not be there, and my only wonder is that the Almighty has been so patient with me. But what's that the consul is saying about Georgetown?"

"That I have made arrangements to go in the *Erie*."

"Good!" cried Carrie.

"Capital!" shouted the lieutenant.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" sighed Lucy. "Old aunty's heart must be nearly broken."

"She knows at least that we are in the land of the living, for I wrote Tom the other day after the storm, and I think it must have reached there. I sent it down to the British steamer that stopped for repairs. Fortunately the plague was so spent that they let her go on."

"Well, gentlemen and ladies," exclaimed the old Barbadian, rising, "all I can say is that when the old shanty is repaired, you must try it again. On the whole I am glad you came, since what

has happened would have happened, in the way of destruction of property I mean, and the excitement passed the time off pleasantly. And now, Charity, "he added, turning to his daughter, "we'll go in and take lunch."

On the whole it was a pleasant voyage home. The girls both were far too weak to be troubled with seasickness, and Alice trod the deck like a sailor, whatever the weather was. Who would have thought seeing her on the outset of her eventful life—poor, friendless, alone, persecuted, convicted, imprisoned even—that this sorrowful discipline was to make the true, earnest, heaven-sustained woman; that this burning in the fire of human hate, was to bring out the pure gold, with hardly a touch of human alloy. How many hearts blessed her, how many eyes brightened at the sound of her name, while to her husband, she was a pearl of great price.

Once more they neared the stelling at Georgetown. A large party stood at the end of the wharf.

"Oh, Lion!" cried Carrie, almost dancing, "there's Tom, with the flag-handkerchief. See

him wave; and there stands aunty, dear old soul!"

"I should like to know what you are crying for?" asked the lieutenant, with a strong show of bravery; while his lips quivered, and the tears stood in his own eyes.

"I can't help it," sobbed Carrie. "I know it's silly, but—but I never expected to see them again; and—and God has been so good!"

The emotions of the rest of the company were too deep for utterance. Presently there was a swift confusion. Aunty did not know how to get them all into her arms, especially as Tom had the first right; but presently her "two chillen" were in her close embrace, and she standing there, the great tears rolling down her kind, motherly cheeks, exclaimed, her eyes and soul lifted heavenward,

"Lord A'mighty—I'se certain you'd hear me!" a prayer which for its beauty and strength of simple Christian faith could not be excelled.

"Didn't I pray for ye, chillen; ye'd better b'lieve, an' seems' if de Lord stan' at my elbow, a'most. I could feel Him so near. Says I, 'Dear

Lord, give me my chillen agin. I'se prayed for 'em years an' years, an' now, Lord, give 'em to me. Lord, think of a poor mother's dying prayers, an' give 'em to me. Lord, think of a sufferin' Saviour, an' give 'em to me.' An' I didn't eat nor drink, nor moved, but jes' laid hold on de horns ob de altar, certain that de Lord would hear an' answer ole aunty."

This was when they were alone together.

"He did hear you, aunty," said Lucy, much affected. "He did more than save our bodies alive, He has saved our souls, and we have come home to tell you that we are children of the same good God."

Aunty's delight at this knew no bounds. A more grateful and a happier creatured never laid a weary head on the pillow than she did that night, thanking God till sleep closed her eyelids.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY.

"As dear as a smile on an old friend's face."



UNITY came in, saying, "Letters for all, heaps of 'em." Lucy, Carrie, Lionel, the lieutenant, all had their share. Carrie's and Lucy's were from Mrs. Littlejohn. Etta had been dead two months. She had sent tender messages to the girls, and her death was a triumphant one. There had been but few changes at home, her prison cares had somewhat multiplied, owing to an inefficient chaplain; and the letters ended with a little of the general news, that never degenerated into gossip in Mrs. Littlejohn's letters.

Lionel's share related to official business, but

there were three private letters; one from Mr. Le Seur, one from Mr. Wilkins, and the last, enclosing an elegantly engraved card, and an invitation from the Governor of Georgetown to visit Java with a party of friends, who were going up to inspect the place, having been invited to a collation by Mr. Le Seur.

"You are included in this invitation," said Lionel to the captain. "You see it says myself and friends. It will afford me much pleasure to introduce you at Java. Besides I know you will be pleased with Le Seur and his family, and we all need the trip. I will engage a corial, and I promise myself a deal of pleasure."

It was arranged, accordingly, that the whole party were to proceed to Java.

Their entrance to Java was quite a triumphant one. The balcony of the old house was filled with flags, and festooned with flowers; the path to the door strewn with English roses. Every where the eye rested upon attractive objects. The trees were trimmed with English precision, the canals all cleared and many little bridges of trellis-work thrown

over them; the blacks were in holiday attire; the collation was superb.

But the greatest change of all was observable in Margy. Her complexion had cleared, her eyes grown cheerful, her hair was carefully arranged, and she seemed to take an intelligent interest in every thing that was going on. She complained no longer when alone, for a few moments with the girls, about the loneliness of the place, or want of occupation. Something had changed the current of her thoughts and colored her life with brighter tints. Lucy and Carrie had the shrewdness to see what that something was.

The girls sat together, while gay groups strolled over the grounds or promenaded in the great hall. Carrie, with vivacious gestures, related their experience in Barbadoes, at which the girls alternately laughed and cried. Meantime, Lionel was closetted for a few moments with the planter, in a small octagonal room, while Mr. Wilkins walked to and fro at not a very great distance off, ready to pounce on the consul as soon as he should make his appearance.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RIGHT DECISION.

'Good actions crown themselves with living bays;
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.'

'If thou dost ill the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade—the joy remains.'



SHOULD consult my own inclination, I think," said Lionel, in reply to some statement of Mr. Le Seur's.

"And would you do that?" he inquired, looking keenly at Lionel.

"Most certainly I would—most decidedly I should," was the frank, earnest reply.

"Ah! but you do not know the strength of these old prejudices, in this part of the world."

"Sir, under all circumstances I should consult

my own happiness. These people cannot really make or mar it."

"I must live a sort of hermit, then. No governor's *fetes*."

"As if they were not mere puffs of empty air! Be honorable, take this noble woman, and give your daughter a companion, your child a mother."

Le Seur was thoughtful, but he looked vastly more satisfied than when Lionel had entered. His doubts were yielding, his common sense asserting itself.

"As for my eldest daughter," he said, frankly, "I think her fate is decided; and as I find Wilkins a capable, gentlemanly fellow, although he has no fortune, I shall give him my girl."

Lionel started, and grew pale.

"Then, has he?—I mean—of course you know his—his antecedents?"

"He has told me nothing. I take it for granted that he is an honorable man," replied Le Seur.

"Pardon me a moment," and Lionel, quite agitated, hastened out to the spot where young Wilkins was standing.

"You wished to see me," he said, abruptly; "I have divined what for."

The young man looked up piteously.

"Is there no chance for me? Must I be turned adrift?" he asked.

"Does she know?"

"She does; I have told her all; I wanted you to intercede for me. I am an altered man, God knows, who has witnessed my humiliation and heard my prayers. I hoped much from you. I thought you would be my intercessor."

"Then come with me."

"To face him, and tell that story? I cannot. Oh! Mr. Irving, stand my friend now, and if it be—no; it is better not to see him again. I—I think I could not."

"Very well, I will do what I can," said Lionel, and returned to the planter, who stood with folded arms and a beaming face, looking from the window.

"I am all right," the latter said, turning round, "I have given up the world and its opinions. Henceforth, I seek happiness at my own hearth—

stone. You do not congratulate me. What has gone wrong?"

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "I only wished to put a case. Suppose you had a son," he hurried on, "a smart, active, impulsive boy, who, lured by bad companions, in an evil moment yielded to temptation, but bitterly grieved and repented of it; put the world behind him, chose the service of God, and worked steadily to win a reputation ever after."

"Why, I think I should be proud of that boy," said the planter.

"But suppose that one wrong act had placed him under the ban of the law, and he had stood behind a prison grating?"

"It would be a blow to my pride, indeed, but my son is my son. However, I cannot imagine the drift of your remarks, unless—good heavens! yes, I see—I see. It cannot be possible, sir; I could never overlook it, never, never. You put a strong case, but I must say *no*."

Lionel laid his hand on Le Seur's arm. "And if your son proved himself honorable, sought ob-

scurity and toil, would you not feel it an insult to his proper manhood, if another, placed in your circumstances, should give a decision like that? Think a moment. He and you are likely to remain here all your lives. You are going to make it impossible, you say, for the world to receive you, because you marry as heart and reason dictate. Why should you banish him? He will be a good and true son to you."

"I—was getting very fond of Wilkins," said the planter, and he looked far away, as if he saw a vision in the distance.

"He is worthy of your affection. He has been tempted; he has stood firm. I believe him to be in every sense of the word a very superior man. He understands your interest and will work for it as long as Heaven grants him breath. He will delve for you like the veriest slave; he will always be a near friend, on whom you can lean with confidence. His very candor proves his high character. He might have kept that dark page in life's history to himself. Who cared to hear? who would dream of such an experience. It would never,

never have come to your ears; but he prefers to come out like a man and take the consequences. I believe if you sent him off, despairing, he would not go to ruin. His penitence is based upon a too firm foundation for that. I hope you will look at it in the best light. He has strong friends even where he is known. General Littlejohn and his wife, two of the best people in America, would give him their hands to-morrow in the face of the world. They believe in him."

"He has an eloquent pleader in you," said Le Seur, smiling. "You need not have been so deadly earnest after all, for considering all things, I believe I could not do without him, and I have never found the shadow of a fault in him, except that he would often work too hard for his own good. There, there, Irving, every thing is decided. I bring a noble wife to my home; I resign the honors, the false sentiment, the show of society; we live here together, receiving what friends will come; happier by far than the rich, wifeless Le Seur, who lives for the eyes and the commendation of strangers. Go tell poor Wilkins—no—don't quite

say that I am delighted, but that I am willing to trust the happiness of my child in his keeping."

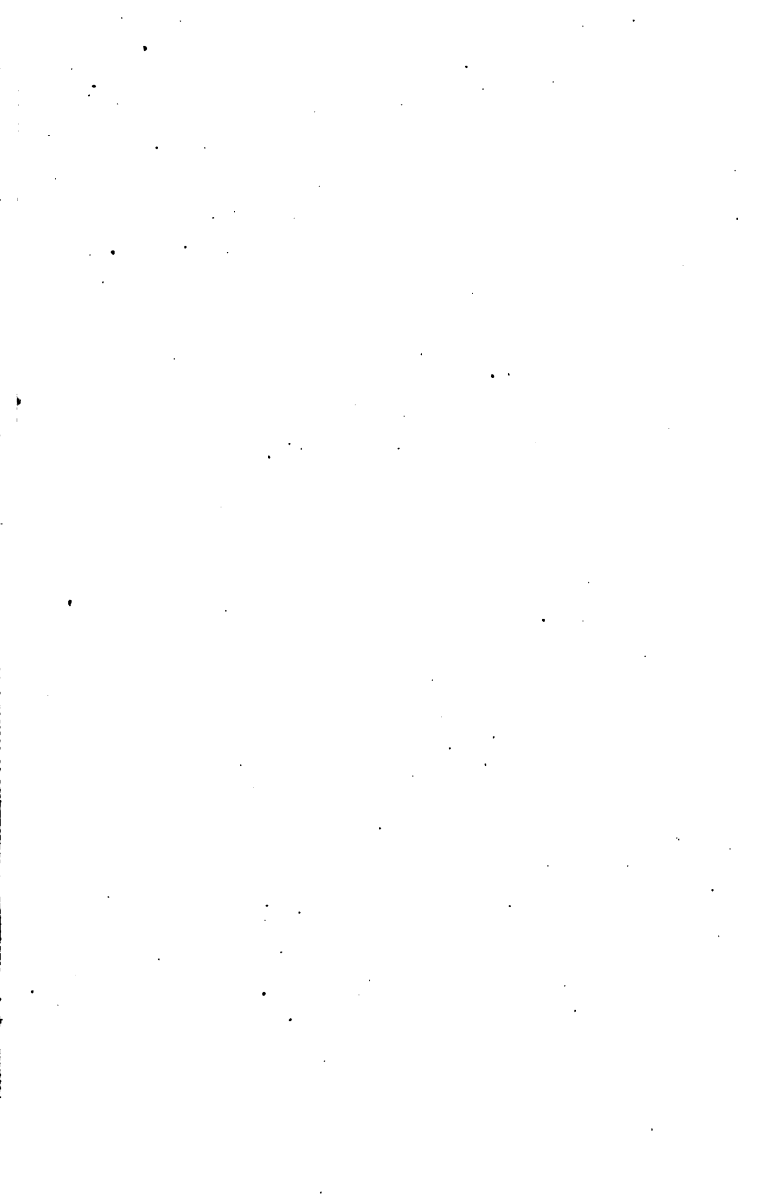
And so all ended happily for the man whose character had been under a cloud, and the whole party felt the reaction from the anxiety that had beset them.

I am sure I need not add at the close of my sequel, that Lucy and Lionel were, before long, betrothed, or that Bob had fairly won the prize he had sighed for, ever since the day he saw Carrie emerge with a serio-comic face from her state-room in the *Sea Eagle*, determined *not* to be sick. Of their voyage back to America, and the glad meetings of dear friends, it is but needful to add that both met their most delightful anticipations. They were neither of them sufferers from the sea, and of their band of friends who had bid them God speed, not one was among the missing.

THE END.



2. 6.









061 20 1944